No. 144 July '71

IND

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MAD

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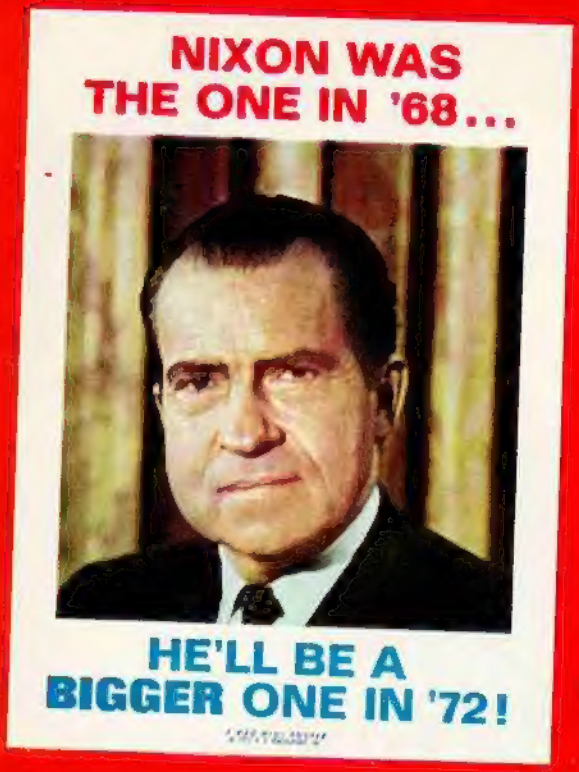
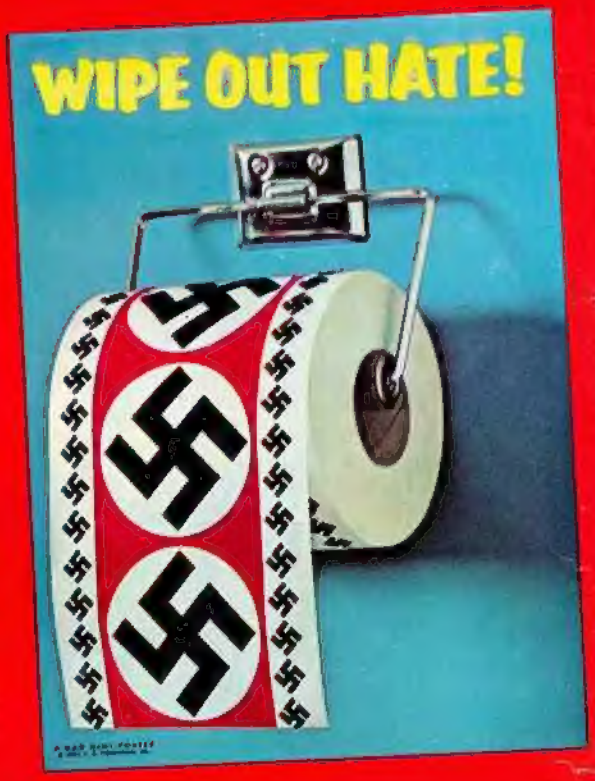
IN THIS ISSUE:
OUR VERSION OF
"Joe"



LET IT ALL HANG UP!

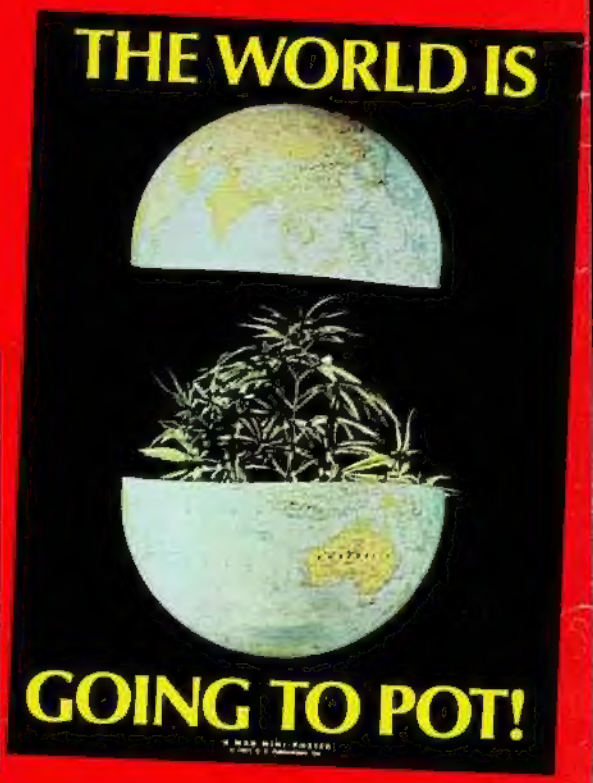
PAPER YOUR PAD WITH PROVOCATIVE PROCLAMATIONS!

YOU GET 16



MAD MINI-POSTERS

AS THE FULL-COLOR BONUS IN THIS LATEST SPECIAL ISSUE:



"MAD SPECIAL NUMBER FOUR"

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NUMBER 144 JULY 1971

MAD

"Nowadays, most bank accounts need month-to-month resuscitation!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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VITAL FEATURES

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THE MAD NON-SMOKERS HATE BOOK Pg. 10

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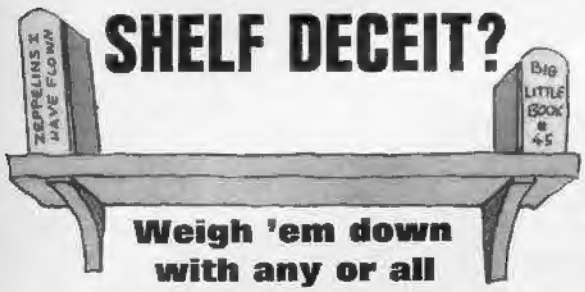

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- ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
- ☐ MAD's Captain Klutz
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- ☐ The Dirty Old MAD

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LETTERS DEPT.

BLOWING THEIR STACKS

Your article "MAD Salutes The Output Of American Industry" was about as reassuring as an earthquake during open-heart surgery!

Eric Olsen
San Pedro, Calif.

Thanks for giving American Industry's criminal negligence a kick in the *plants!*

Vic Ghidalia
Yonkers, N.Y.

VIOLENT TV COMMERCIALS

If they put your "Violent TV Commercials" on the air they wouldn't sell anything. But it would be an improvement!

Chris Collins
Mill Valley, Calif.

"Violent TV Commercials" was a scream. And that's just what I did when I read it!

Matthew Bird
Flushing, N.Y

NAVY LAKEHURST SALUTE

Your readers may be interested in knowing that Navy Lakehurst's 50th Anniversary Celebration will occur on June 26-27, 1971. What should particularly delight your readers is a 30 foot radio-controlled flying replica of the famous airship, SHENANDOAH, which will fly about the area, with two huge MADs adorning its sides. I enclose a photo of this ship in flight at Columbus, Ohio, where its construction had just been completed by Lew Gray, of that city. Amongst the other attractions will be the Shooting Stars (Parachute Demonstration Team), the Navy Blue Angels (Aerial Flight Demo Team), Hot Air Balloons, the Goodyear Blimp, and many renowned air daredevil acts.

J.S. Roth
Captain, USN

WEST COAST STORY

Your article "West Coast Story" was revolting, repulsive, degenerate and noxious. An accurate estimation of "extremist freaks."

Jack Hensley
Modesto, Calif.

Regarding "West Coast Story," the Left Movement (in general) considers violence as means to a just end. And, since the apathy of the public ignores peaceful revolution, and the government all but makes it impossible, violence is becoming more and more of a reality. Mainly, because it's the only medium any one seems to understand. But thank you for pointing out the moronic insensitivity of the Mass Media. All they see (and show) is the blood . . .

Nancy Barton
Los Angeles, Calif.

A brilliant revelation, showing the struggle for what it really is; a power clash, resulting from mutual intolerance, where both sides engage in tactics they publicly deplore in each other. Really heavy. Thanks.

Ellen Smith
Shimer College, Ill.

HEAVEN-SENT ANSWERS

I think Dick De Bartolo and Donald K. Epstein were angels to help God catch up with His paper work. "Answers To Children's Letters—From God" was . . . er . . . very CREATIVE.

Frank Judge
Grosse Pointe Park
Michigan

I want you to know that I once wrote a letter to God in Heaven and it was returned marked "Unknown At This Address."

Arnold Greenstine
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Zip Code is . . . 00000!—Ed.

"OUT OF ORDER" COVER

I thought your "This Country Is Out Of Order" cover was truly right on! Even up here in Canada we can see the problems.

John Kipky
Prince George, B.C.
Canada

It's a bird . . . it's a plane . . . it's the MAD ZEPPELIN!

COMMUNISM REVISITED

Cheers for "Communism Revisited"! Not only did you shoot down your own cover theme by bringing out such a fine article, but you showed with the greatest clarity what each side was all about.

Steven Haley
Peterborough, Ont.
Canada

As a college student who is constantly bombarded with the advantages of Communism and "the Revolution," it was a relief to read Max Brandel's article exposing Communism and all its hypocrisy. Thanks for turning me on.

Drew Hegeman
University Park, Pa.

Brandel sees through (as in all of his articles) the hypocrisy of those "Eternal Truths." "Communism Revisited" is a brilliantly conceived article.

John S. Thomas
Winchester, Va.

Make sure the Kremlin and Mao get their copies soon!

Peter Sprigg
Berwyn, Pa.

You could have balanced it out with some quotes of *our* politicians like "equality" and "freedom."

(No name given)
Lynbrook, N.Y.

WHAT IS A PARENT?

I was amazed at "What Is A Parent?" Almost every example was true for me. When did Tom Koch, the writer, meet my parents?

Ann Cardillo
Providence, R.I.

"What Is A Parent?" was uncouth, underhanded, disrespectful, and one of the best articles you've done in ages!

Stephen Eisenbaugh
Manassas, Va.

My Mom suggested you do one on *kids!*

Diane Emmons
Glendale, Calif.

We wonder if we'll have to do much of a re-write on this *same* article, twenty years from now.—Ed.

MY THREE SONNY BOYS

Your satire of "My Three Sons" was great. Angelo Torres and Arnie Kogen did an excellent job. The funniest part is, it sounded like the real show!

Mark Houlton
Worcester, Mass.

. . . it tickled my Sonnybone!

Tony Wolff
Philadelphia, Pa.

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TEN MILLION SOLD

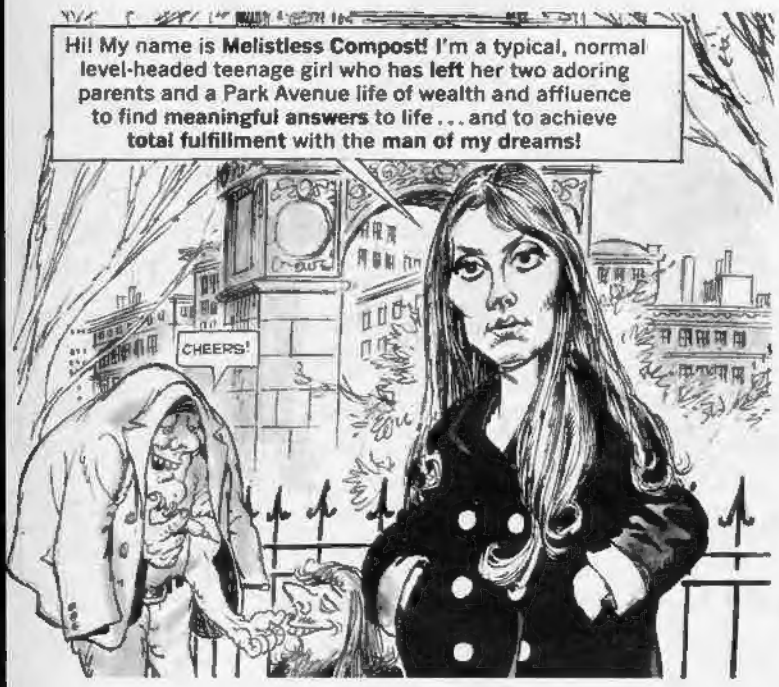
Yep, we can assume that ten million readers of MAD Magazine are sold on the idea that these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, suitable for framing or wrapping fish, aren't worth the paper they're printed on. Because that's how many readers we've got who still haven't ordered them. However, if you'd like to join the 71 suckers who have bought them, mail 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 or $4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

HIPPIE HUNTING GROUND DEPT.

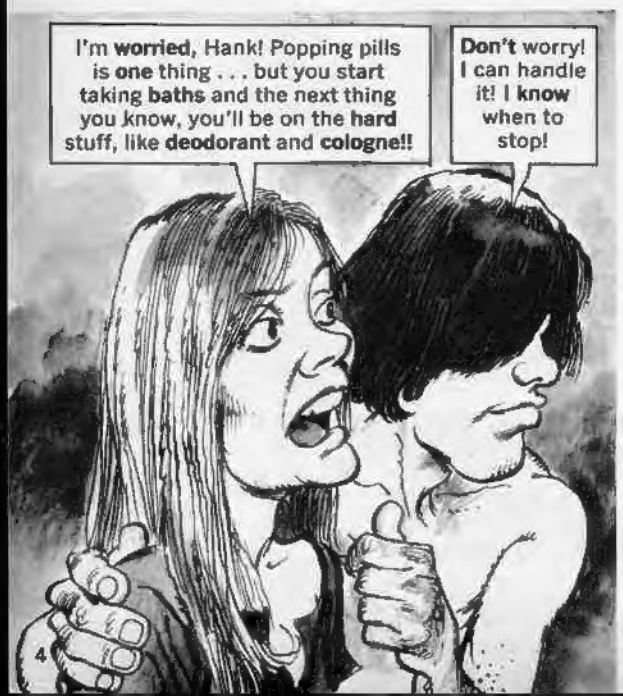
A few issues back (MAD #140 to be exact!), we presented a MAD movie called "PUT★ON." It was about one of the roughest, toughest, foul-mouthed characters who ever lived. Well, you may not believe this, but "PUT★ON" was a "pussycat" when stacked up alongside the hero of this issue's MAD movie! Say "Hello!" to a guy named...

shm

But before we introduce you to this middle-aged hard-hat, first you gotta

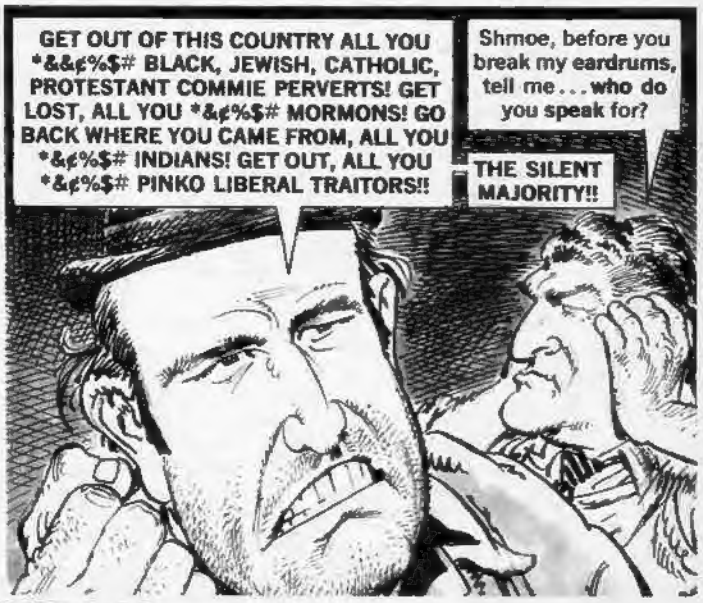


ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



noe

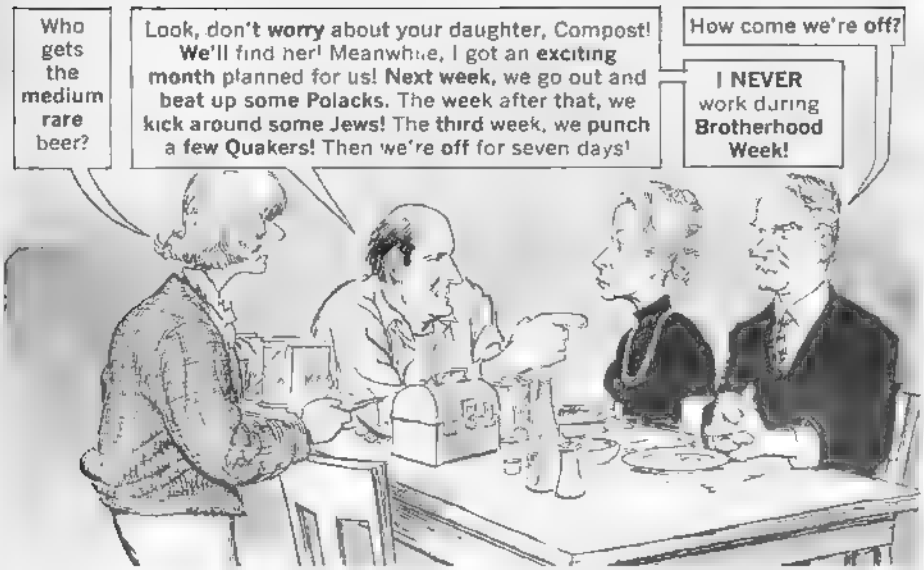
meet a couple of teen-aged soft-heads...

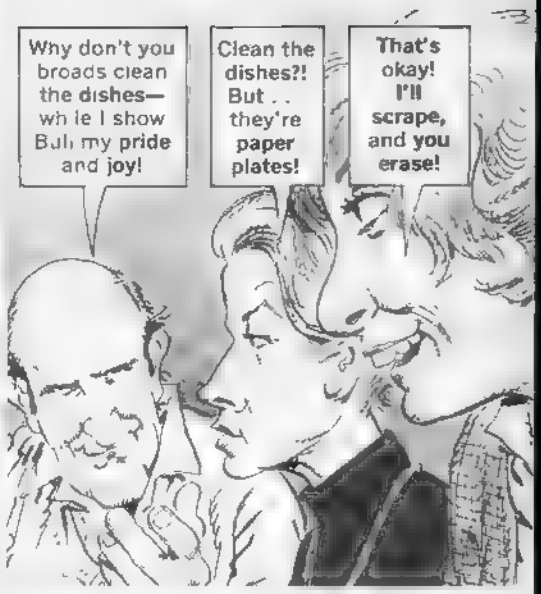


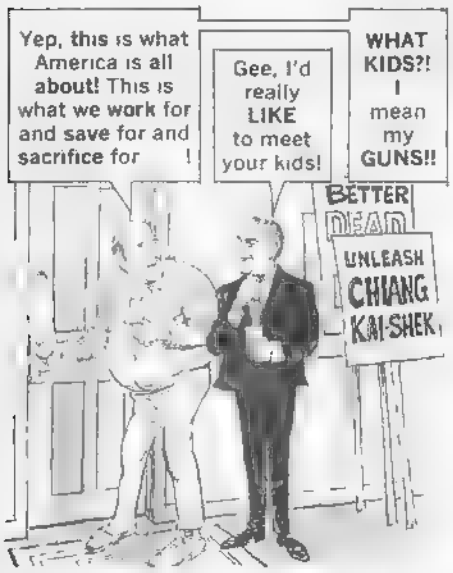
NAVY LAKEHURST 50th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION: JUNE 26-27, 1971

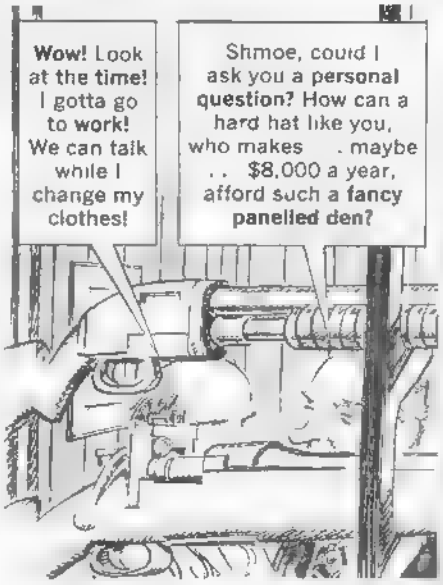
And those *&¢%$# Hippies! Boy, would I like to kill me a *&¢%$# Hippie!!
I just killed one!
YOU... KILLED A HIPPIE?!!
Yes! He was ruining my little girl, so I killed him!
That... parasite! What did he know about life? Before I killed him, I tried to explain how my generation had to work for what we wanted, not sponge off others! How we used to walk miles to school when we were kids! How we had to fight our way up the ladder of success to get where we were today! How we had to sweat and strain and...
What'd you do? Shoot him? Knife him?
No... actually I just bored him to death!!
Listen, Compost! I admire you! I like what you did to that Hippie! What do you say we become friends, and I'll help you find your daughter!
Me?! Become YOUR FRIEND?! Why... you're nothing but an uncouth animal! You've got a bloated beer belly and you smell terrible!!
Look, I TOLD you I like you! You don't have to butter me up!!
Excuse me, but do any of you happen to know my daughter?
What does she look like, Man?
Well, she's about 16, but she could pass for 50! She's got sunken cheeks, glazed eyeballs, a grey complexion, she dresses like Geronimo, and she has 148 needlemarks in her right arm!
Did you see her??
I'm not sure! Does she have any UNUSUAL characteristics?
PEACE LOVE ETC.
OUT TO LUNCH LEAVE MONEY IN HAT
I don't see her in this place?
Hey! What's going on here?
It's called an "Orgy"! A group of Hippies smoke some pot...
Just once, I'd like to crack down on those *&¢%$# commies!
...and they listen to freaky music...
Just once, I'd like to teach them some Americanism!
...and they engage in all sorts of wild, bizarre sex acts!
Just once, I'd like to be a Hippie!

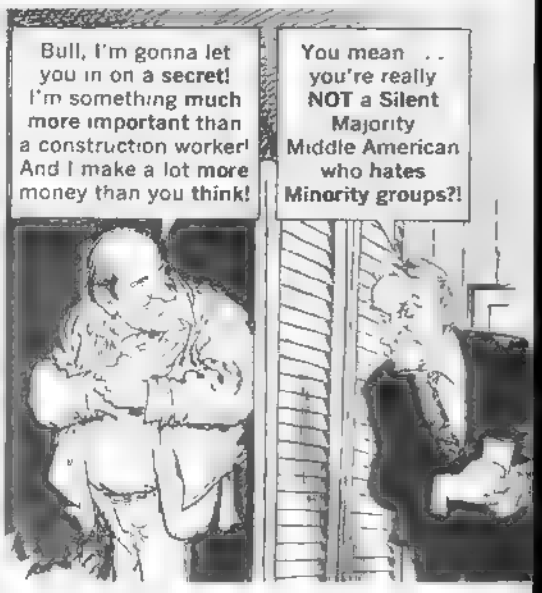
Hi, Honey! I'm home! I brought you something!
Whadya bring me?
A bag of garbage!
Shmoe!! You remembered our Wedding Anniversary!!
What's new, Honey?
Le'me see! Mrs. Ferguson tripped over a rat on her front step and broke her leg!
The Hogan family got drunk again and passed out on the sidewalk!
The Board of Health condemned 14 houses on our street!
And . . . oh, yes! A Negro family is moving in down the block!
A NEGRO FAMILY!! Oh, no!! Well . . . there goes the neighborhood!
HONOR AMERICA
The doorbell! Who could that be . . . ?
A couple of Park Avenue swells I invited to dinner!
Why didn't you tell me we were having company?! I didn't set my hair today!!
How come?! The waffle iron broken again?! Well, don't worry! You take care of 'em while I go inside and dirty up a bit!
Hi, there, Park Avenue swells!
Bull, I think I'm going to get violently ill!
Control yourself! This is the HIGH SPOT of the evening! Wait till you meet SHMOE!!
Where is your wife, Mr. Compost?
She went inside to freshen up!
Has she met Shmoe yet?
EEEEEK!!
I think she just did!
BURP!
Shmoe . . . ! Your table manners!!
I'm sorry! I always forget! I should belch AFTER I pick my teeth!
Bull, I think I'm going to throw up all over the table!
Go ahead! THEY'LL never know the difference!

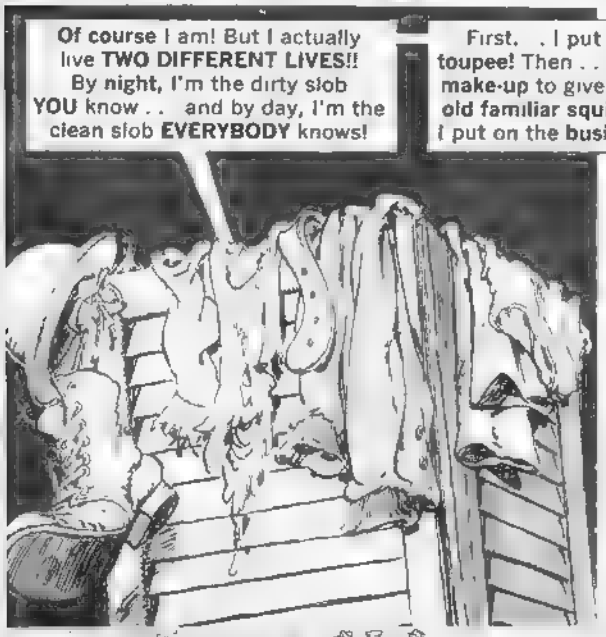

Who gets the medium rare beer?
Look, don't worry about your daughter, Compost! We'll find her! Meanwhile, I got an exciting month planned for us! Next week, we go out and beat up some Polacks. The week after that, we kick around some Jews! The third week, we punch a few Quakers! Then we're off for seven days!
How come we're off?
I NEVER work during Brotherhood Week!


Why don't you broads clean the dishes— while I show Bull my pride and joy!
Clean the dishes?! But . . they're paper plates!
That's okay! I'll scrape, and you erase!


Yep, this is what America is all about! This is what we work for and save for and sacrifice for !
Gee, I'd really LIKE to meet your kids!
WHAT KIDS?! I mean my GUNS!!
BETTER DEAD
UNLEASH CHIANG KAI-SHEK


Wow! Look at the time! I gotta go to work! We can talk while I change my clothes!
Shmoe, could I ask you a personal question? How can a hard hat like you, who makes . maybe . . $8,000 a year, afford such a fancy panelled den?


Bull, I'm gonna let you in on a secret! I'm something much more important than a construction worker! And I make a lot more money than you think!
You mean . . you're really NOT a Silent Majority Middle American who hates Minority groups?!


Of course I am! But I actually live TWO DIFFERENT LIVES!! By night, I'm the dirty slob YOU know . . and by day, I'm the clean slob EVERYBODY knows!

First. . I put on the old toupee! Then . . . I put on the make-up to give the eyes the old familiar squint! Then . . . I put on the business suit . . .
. . and— VOILA!
No wonder I never see you two photographed together!!

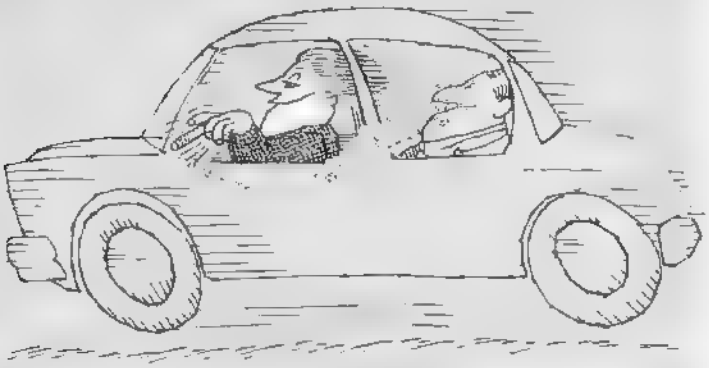
WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S IRE DEPT.

Here we go with another MAD "Hate Book" . . . those little gems calculated to make MAD readers feel better by blowing off steam about their pet hates. Since non-smokers are the most intolerant people in the world when it comes to smokers, all of you smokers

THE MAD NON-SM

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . put out butts in dishes of food while you're still eating!

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . smoke while they cook!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . flick their ashes out windows of fast-moving cars when you're sitting in the rear seat!

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . affect phony smoking poses that are supposed to make them look smart and sophisticated!

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . bore you with the details of their experiences every time they attempted to give up smoking!

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . add yet another butt to a full ashtray without ever once thinking of emptying it!

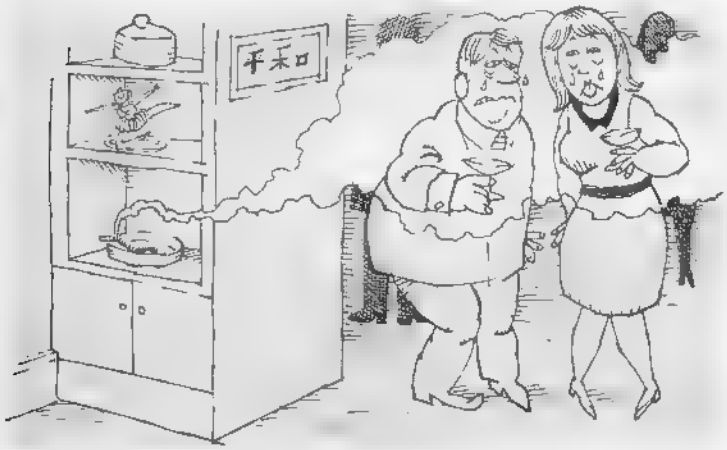
better skip this article. Because it's calculated to make non-smoking MAD readers feel better by blowing off steam about people who, in addition to being addicted to the disgusting habit of smoking, also have disgusting smoking habits. Here, then, Gang, is...

OKERS HATE BOOK

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . talk without ever removing their cigarette from their mouth!

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . never hit the ashtray no matter how big it is!

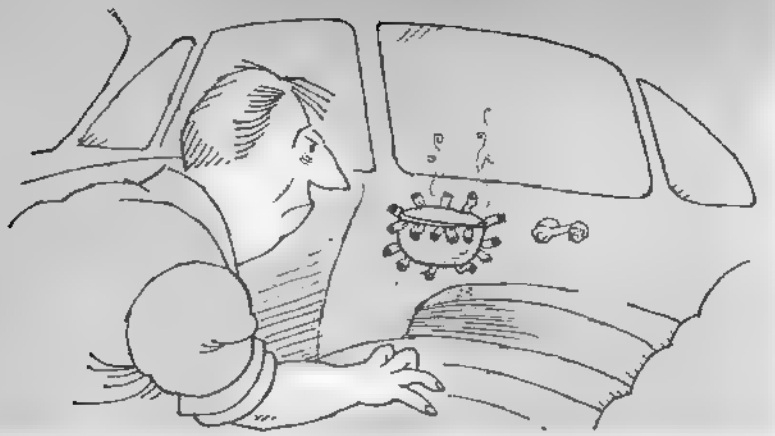


Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . let their cigarettes burn out in ashtrays, causing the nearest thing to a tear gas attack!

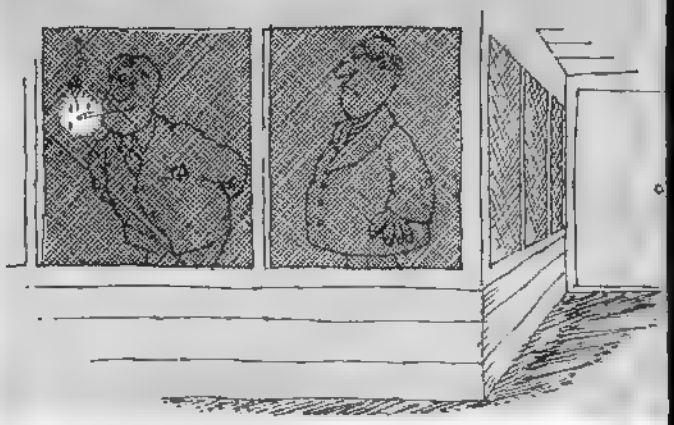
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . are cutting down on smoking by not carrying any, but who smoke as much as ever by borrowing!

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . insist upon lighting up while visiting someone who's in the hospital with a respiratory illness!

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . inflict their particular tastes in nauseating pipe tobacco aromas on an entire gathering!

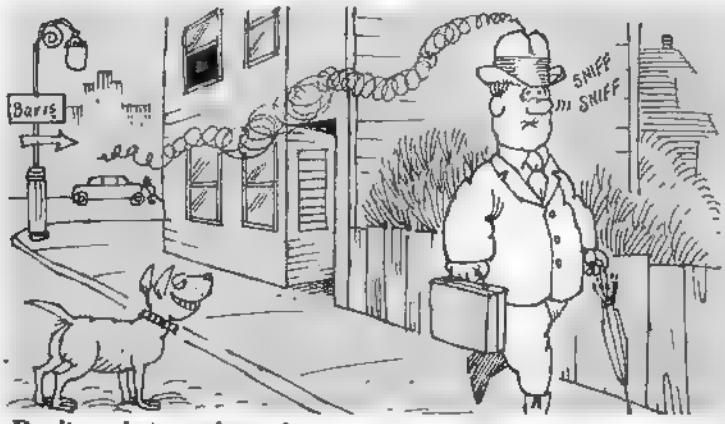


Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . stuff auto ashtrays so full they're impossible to remove!



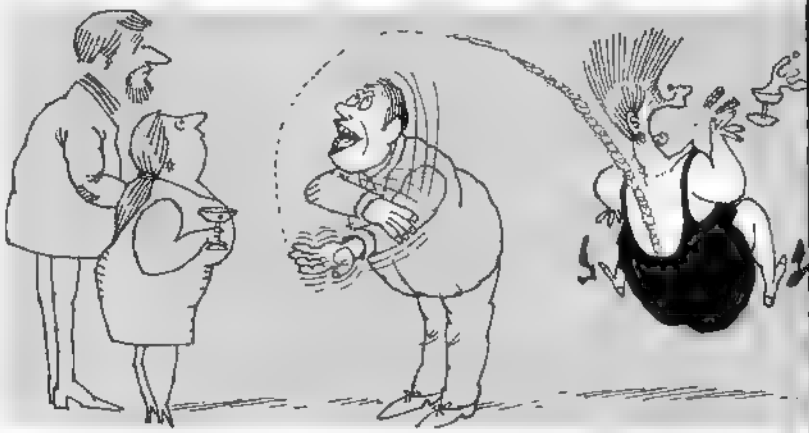
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . stupidly lean into plastic screens!

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . always have tobacco spittle running down their chins!



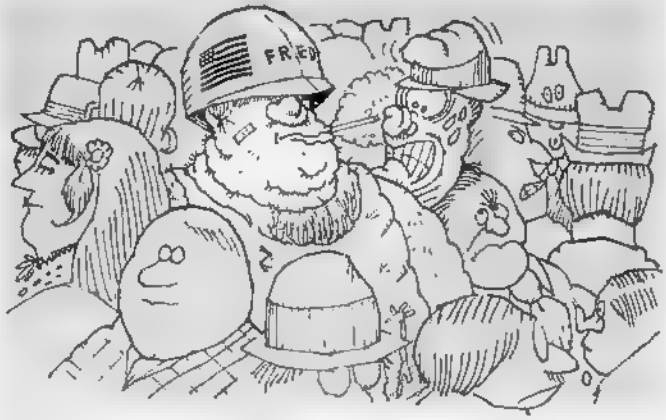
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . flick cigarette butts out windows!

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . throw butts that are still alive in wastebaskets!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . do tricks with lighted cigarettes!

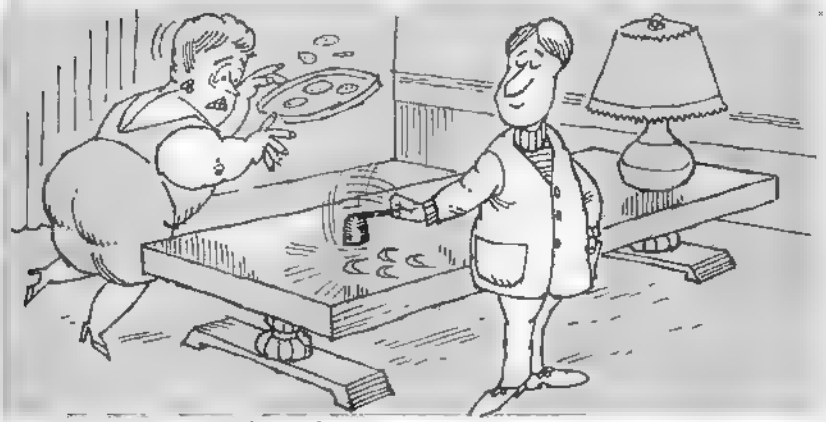
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . dump ashtrays in toilets!



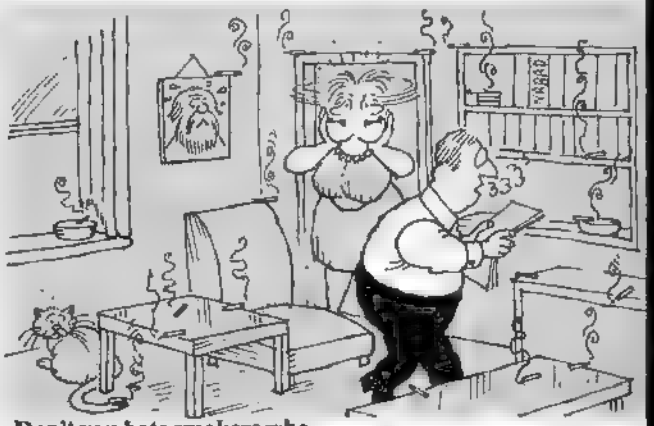
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . insist upon smoking in crowded places!

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . keep grinding out a butt till it's time to light another!

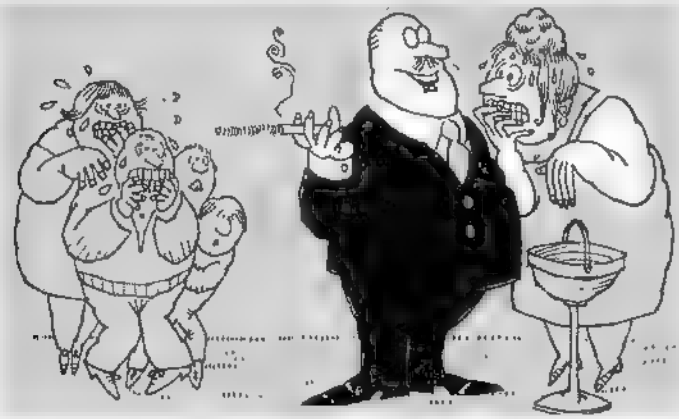
Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . sneak smokes in "No Smoking" areas!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . tap their pipes on any handy surface to clean them!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . never remember where they leave burning cigarettes!



Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . wait forever before flicking their ashes!

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . always say, "It's good for the rug!"

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . are dentists or doctors and work on you between puffs!

Don't you hate smokers who . . .
. . . are constantly spitting out bits of tobacco!

MEDI-SCARE DEPT.

Hey, gang! Here we go again in our never-ending quest for new inspirations for Hollywood

NEW MOVIE MONSTERS

THEY CAME BY DAY . . . THEY CAME BY NIGHT . . . DRAWING THE BLOOD FROM THEIR VICTIM'S VEINS!

And when it came time to operate, they put it all back . . . and charged for it!

"THE BLOOD-TEST VAMPIRES"

Starring:

BLOODY ERSEN ★ John VEIN ★ Artery CARNEY ★ George VESSEL & Pipette LAURIE

THIS PICTURE IS RATED Q+

SEE THE UNSPEAKABLE BLOBS THAT MADE WOMEN FAINT AT THEIR SIGHT AND STRONG MEN'S STOMACHS TURN!

"THE HORRORS OF THE HOSPITAL DIET"

STARRING:

Elisha COOK with Stewart GRANGER Steven McQUEEN Brett TYES David FRY & Milton BOIL

"Horror Films". This time, MAD suggests that Producers of these bombs can create...

from the MEDICAL WORLD

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: E. NELSON BRIDWELL

WHY DID THE SADISTIC WHITE SPECTRE WAKE HIM FROM A FITFUL SLEEP AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE?

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

WHAT AWFUL THINGS DID SHE FORCE HIM TO SWALLOW?

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

SEE THE NURSE, WITH HIS MEDICINE, SUBJECT HIM TO

"THE COLD HAND AT MIDNIGHT"

WHAT WAS IT THAT...

FRIGHTENED POLITICIANS—
TERRIFIED BUSINESSMEN—
PANICKED THE WHOLE A.M.A.?

IT WAS...

"THE MENACE OF MEDICARE!"

WITH

HY INCOME	DEE SEEVER	HARPO CONDRIAC	OLDEN SICK
as the Doctor who padded his claims	as the Nurse who raised her rates	as the Patient who sponged off the Government	as the Needy Man caught in a tangle of red tape

WHAT WAS THE HORRIBLE ICY TOUCH THAT CHILLED MEN'S HEARTS?

It was the Stethoscope ... in

"THE ORDEAL OF THE CHECK-UP"

with

Tapper KNEE * Prober GROIN * Poker BUTT * Phil D. GLANZ * Luke N. DeMOUTH

HE RANG AND RANG AND RANG! HE CRIED OUT TIME AND TIME AND TIME AGAIN! BUT NO ONE CAME! WHAT WAS THE AWFUL ANSWER TO . . .

"THE MYSTERY OF THE VANISHING NURSE"

WHAT WERE THESE STRANGE CONCOCTIONS? WHY DID THEY TASTE SO TERRIBLE . . . AND COST SO MUCH? THEY WERE MEDICINES THAT GREW AND MULTIPLIED IN THE BATHROOM CABINET UNTIL THEY BECAME . . .

"THE THINGS IN THE BOTTLES"

THIS PICTURE IS RATED X

sedrin

STARRING:

PENNY SILLIN * TERRY MYSIN * AL K. SELTZER * DONNA GEL * LIZ TUREEN * ANNA SINN * KAY O'PECTATE * ABE ZORBEEN, JR. * SARAH TAN * JERRY TOLL * ROBERT TUSSIN * MEG NESIA & CORA SYDIN as Auntie Histamine

FOWL PLAY DEPT.

MAJOR HAWKS

HAWKS & DOVES

PRIVATE DOVES

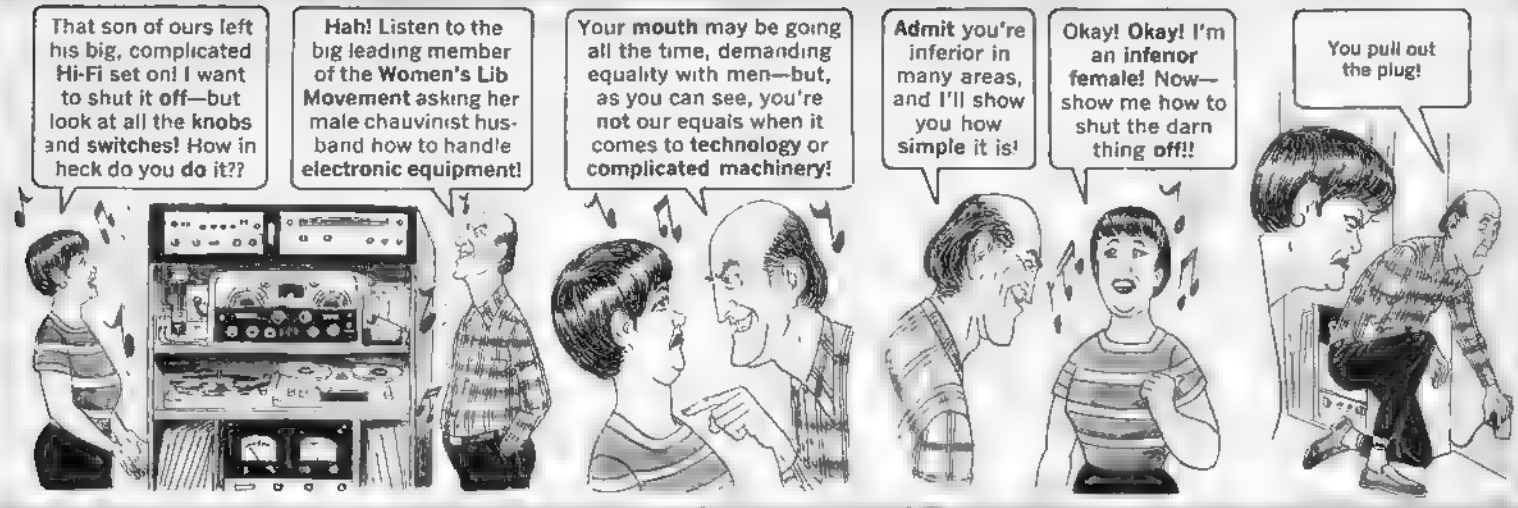
ARTIST & WRITER, AL JAFFEE

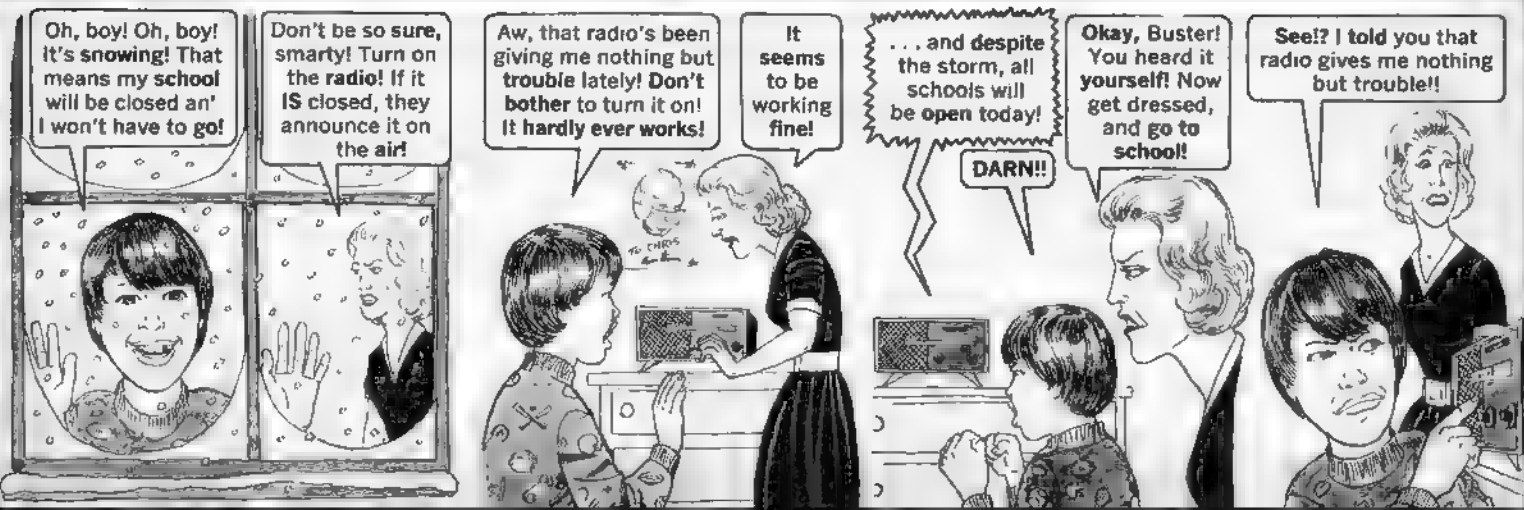
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... SOUND

EQUIPMENT

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG





I'm getting a little sleepy! Better turn on the radio to keep me awake!

CLICK

. . . and with 578 deaths reported so far, it looks as if this four-day holiday weekend is well on its way to setting an all-time record for holiday casualties!

Okay, you can shut it off!

But you told me to turn it on because you were getting sleepy!

I'M PLENTY WIDE AWAKE NOW!!

Hey, I see you have one of those new Digital AM - FM Alarm Clocks! How does it work?

First I check with the phone company to see if my digits are correct! Then, I switch this knob to AM or FM! Then I tune in a station with this knob . . .

Then, with this knob, I set the time I want to awake! And with this knob, I set it for either "radio" or "alarm"! This knob keeps the radio playing until I fall asleep! And this knob controls the time it will play until it shuts itself off!

Sounds like a great way to wake up in the morning!

It's also a great way to put myself to sleep at night!

You mean because it lulls you into dreamland with soft music?!

No, I mean by the time I'm finished setting the whole thing up, I'm totally exhausted!!

It's no use! I can't get the engine started!

CATHY

You mean we're stranded out here in the middle of nowhere!?

I'm afraid so! I guess we'd better use the radio . . .

Well, okay . . .

CLICK

. . .but I don't know what good it's gonna do!

HAROLD! DINNER'S ON THE TABLE!

Save your breath, Mom! Dad can't hear you!

He can't?! Why not?

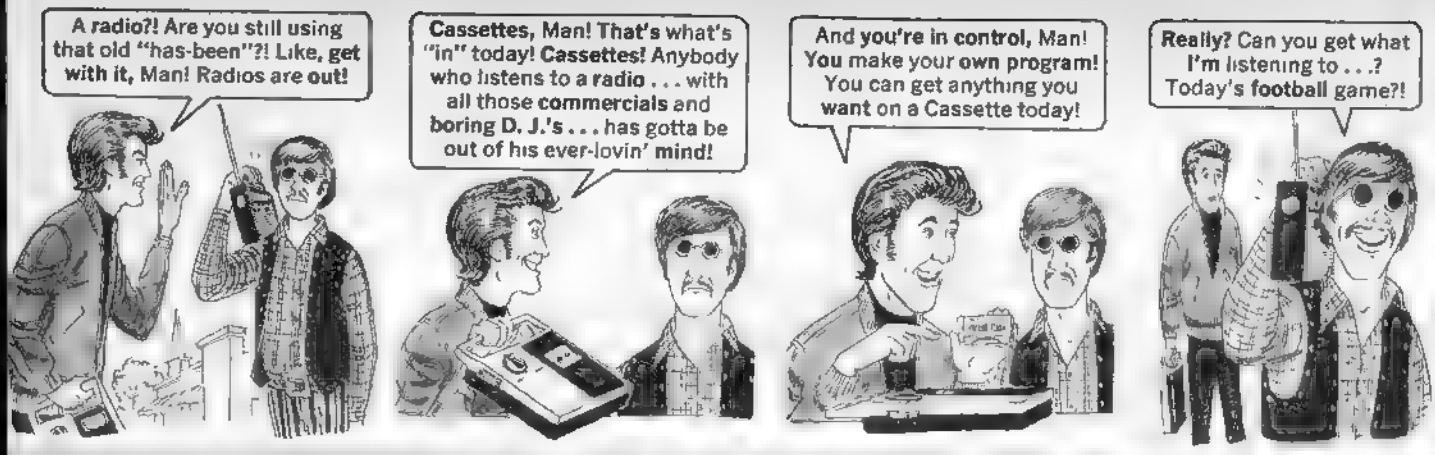
He's locked in the den, listening to the "Brad Crandall Phone In Show" with his earphones on!

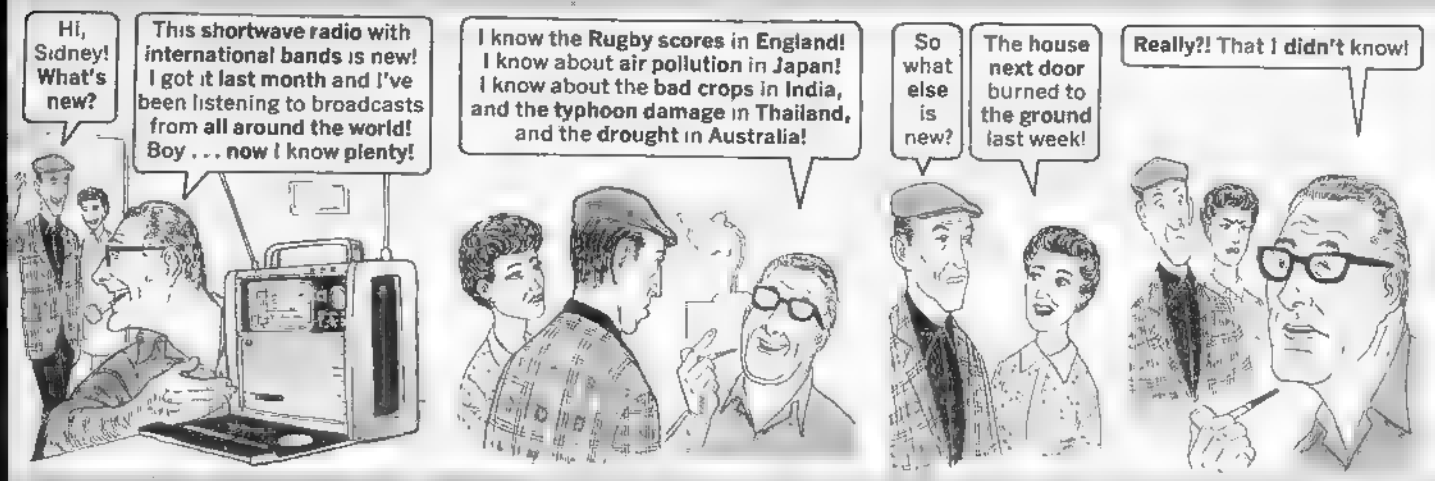
That means he can't hear ANY outside noises! So there's absolutely no way to communicate with him!

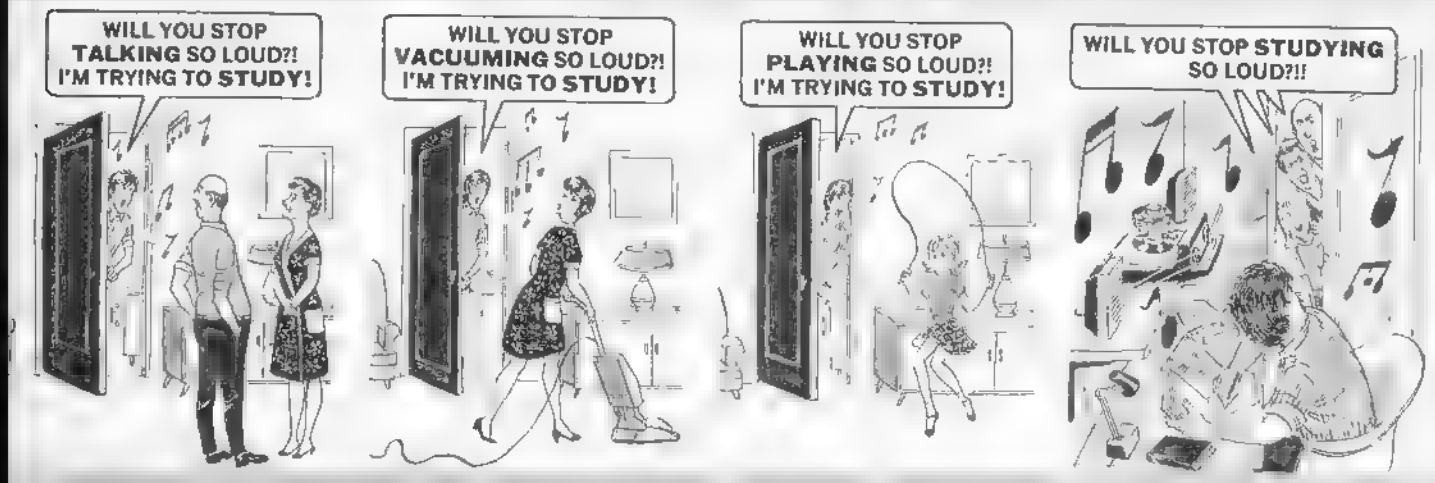
Really? Well, I'm not licked yet!

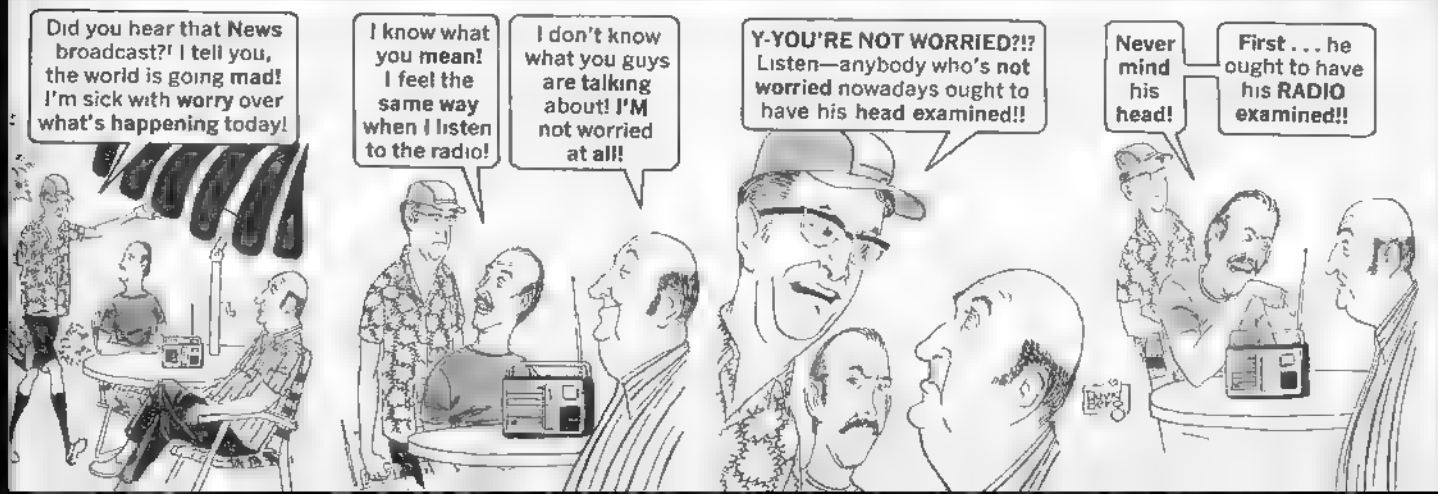
Hello . . . Brad Crandall? Will you please tell my husband, Harold, that his dinner is on the table!

Leave a light on . . . and the radio going! That way, burglars will think we're home, and they won't try to break in and steal things!
That's a good idea!
Hey—will you listen to that?
Boy! That sounds like a really expensive set-up!
I was right! There it is! Wow . . . what a beauty! It must've cost a fortune!
Yeah! And those dumb jerks just drove away and left it playing! We—we oughta go in there . . .
Yeah!
. . . and steal it!!
Calling Jim Barondess! Calling Jim Barondess! This is Mitch Lipman! Do you read me? Do you read me? Over . . .
This is Jim Barondess! I read you loud and clear! Over and out!
Gee! I can hear Jim so clear! Walkie-Talkies really work great!
They sure do!
And I don't even have my Walkie-Talkie ON!!
I didn't know the Groom was hard of hearing!
He's NOT! . . . Oh, you mean that thing in his ear? Steve is a baseball nut! There's a transistor radio in his pocket, and he's actually listening to the ball game while he's greeting people on the receiving line!
I want to wish you both all the happiness in the world . . .
Thank you!
This must be the happiest day of your life!
Oh, it is!
BELIEVE ME, it is!
THE METS JUST WON!!
Are you SURE you don't want to come along?
I'm sure! I'm sure! I really don't mind! I LIKE being alone! I'll turn on some soft music and read a good book!
HEY! What's the matter with the radio?! It's—it's BROKEN!!
Oh, my gosh! No radio?! I—I don't like being THAT alone!!
HEY! WAIT FOR ME!


A radio?! Are you still using that old "has-been"?! Like, get with it, Man! Radios are out!
Cassettes, Man! That's what's "in" today! Cassettes! Anybody who listens to a radio . . . with all those commercials and boring D. J.'s . . . has gotta be out of his ever-lovin' mind!
And you're in control, Man! You make your own program! You can get anything you want on a Cassette today!
Really? Can you get what I'm listening to . . .? Today's football game?!

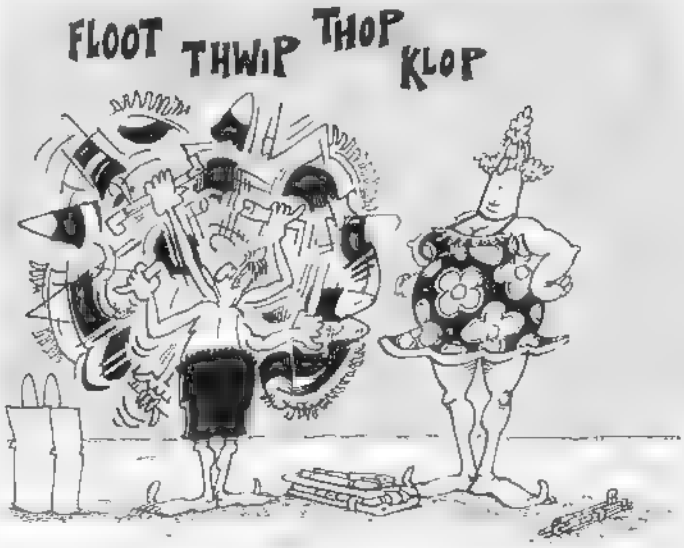

Hi, Sidney! What's new?
This shortwave radio with international bands is new! I got it last month and I've been listening to broadcasts from all around the world! Boy . . . now I know plenty!
I know the Rugby scores in England! I know about air pollution in Japan! I know about the bad crops in India, and the typhoon damage in Thailand, and the drought in Australia!
So what else is new?
The house next door burned to the ground last week!
Really?! That I didn't know!

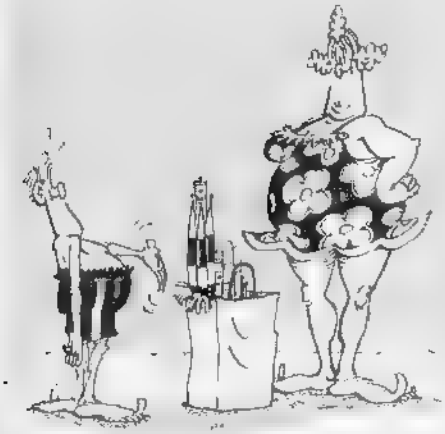

WILL YOU STOP TALKING SO LOUD?! I'M TRYING TO STUDY!
WILL YOU STOP VACUUMING SO LOUD?! I'M TRYING TO STUDY!
WILL YOU STOP PLAYING SO LOUD?! I'M TRYING TO STUDY!
WILL YOU STOP STUDYING SO LOUD?!!

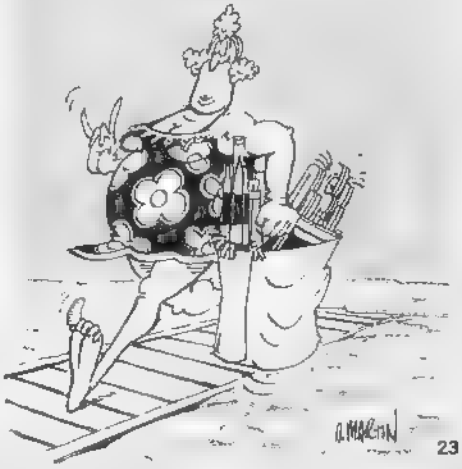

Did you hear that News broadcast?! I tell you, the world is going mad! I'm sick with worry over what's happening today!
I know what you mean! I feel the same way when I listen to the radio!
I don't know what you guys are talking about! I'M not worried at all!
Y-YOU'RE NOT WORRIED?!? Listen—anybody who's not worried nowadays ought to have his head examined!!
Never mind his head!
First . . . he ought to have his RADIO examined!!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE AFTERNOON AT THE BEACH







MAD MINI-POSTER DEPT.

MAKE LOVE

CONCEIVED BY MAX BRANDEL

...NOT WAR

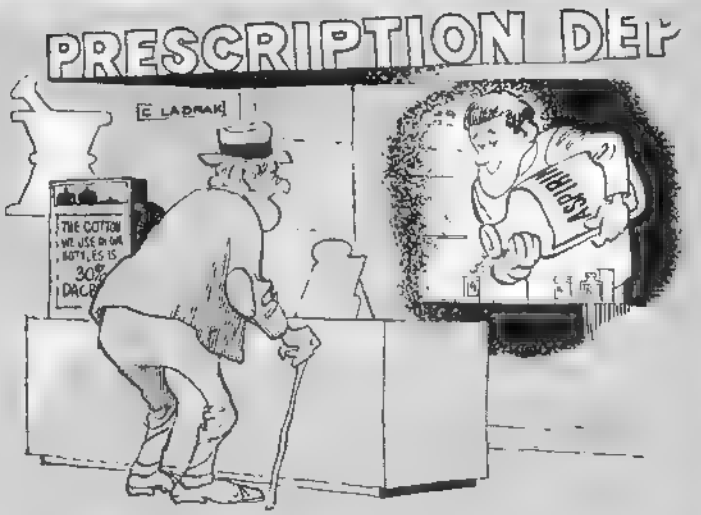
PHOTOS BY WIDE WORLD & U P I

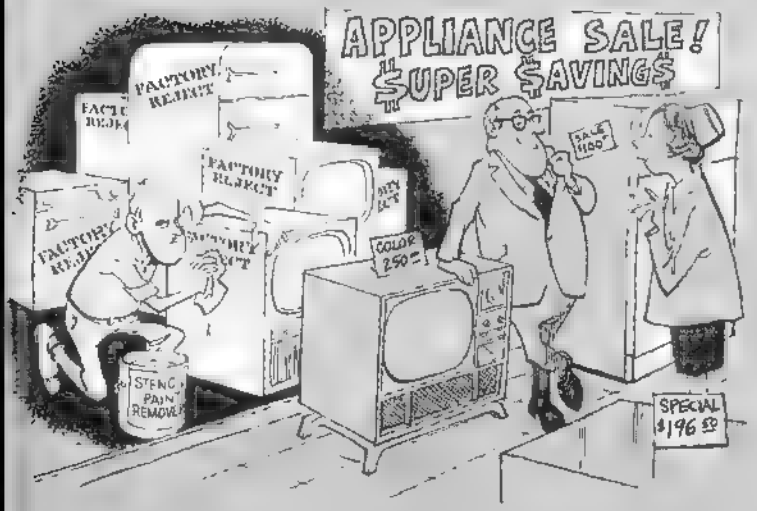
EVERYTHING'S COMING UP SUB ROSA DEPT.

A COLLECTION OF MAD

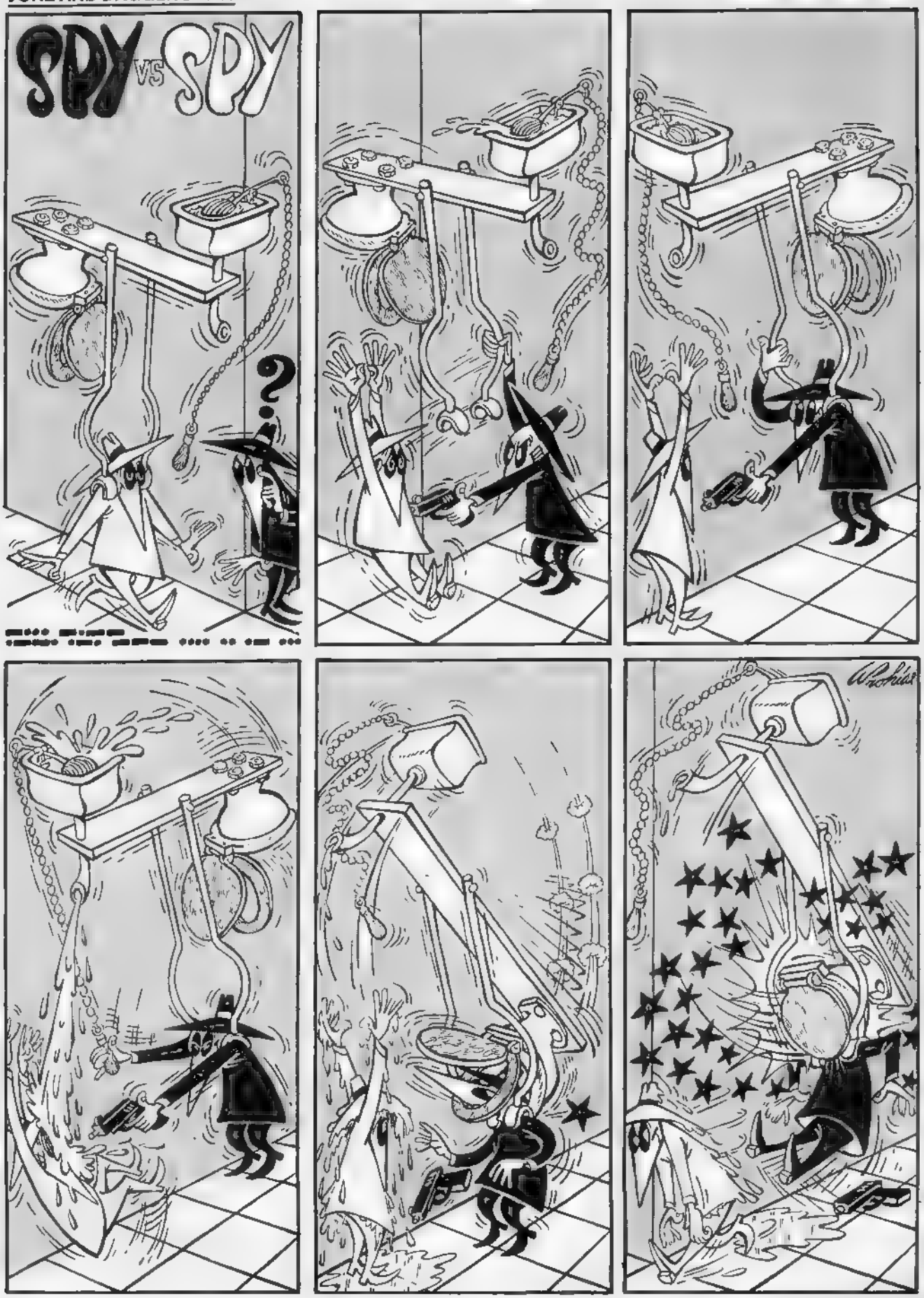
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

X-RAYvings





WRITER: DON EDWING


SPY vs SPY

FORCED-FEDS DEPT.

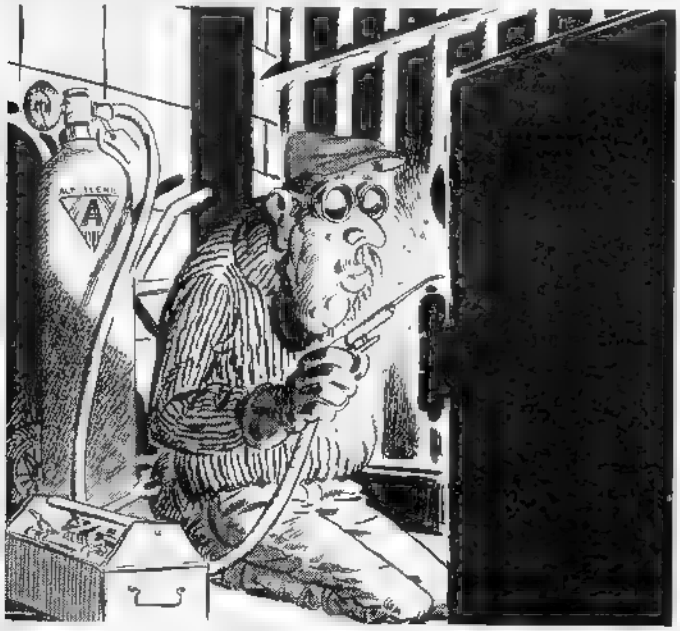
From time to time, the F.B.I. has been severely criticized for the way it handles its affairs. However, in the series presented each week on television, the F.B.I. is depicted as handling matters in a way that would hardly even raise an eyebrow. Which is why we call our version of this show

THE F.I.B.*

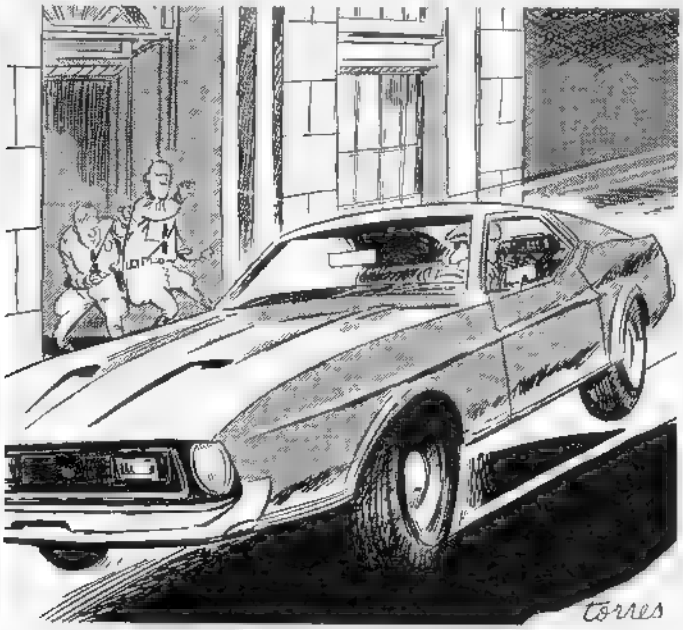
**Editor's Note: One of the sponsors of this weekly TV series is a leading automobile manufacturer. From the subtle references and plugs they make throughout the show, see if you can guess which one.*

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

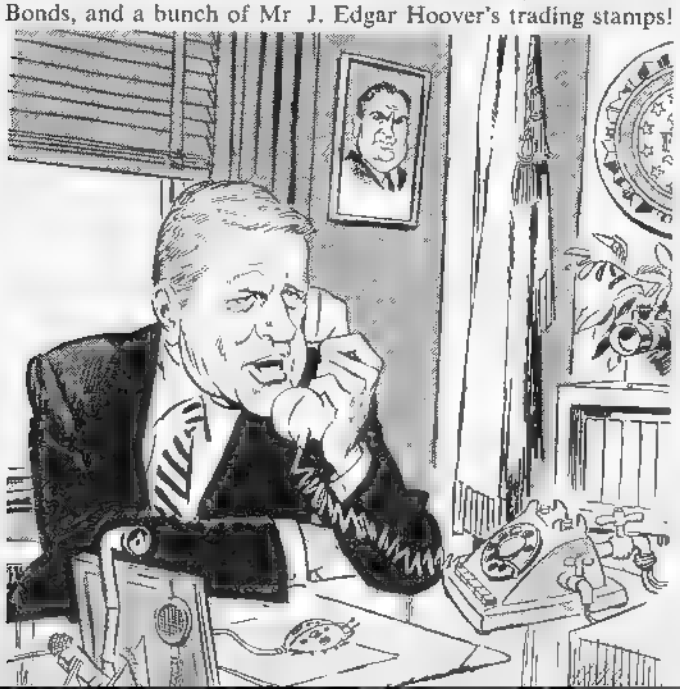
"On October 19th, a man posing as wastepaper basket repairman gained access to the vault of the Last National Bank . . .



"He escaped from the scene of his crime in a sleek-looking Ford Mustang equipped with bucket seats and stick shift . . .

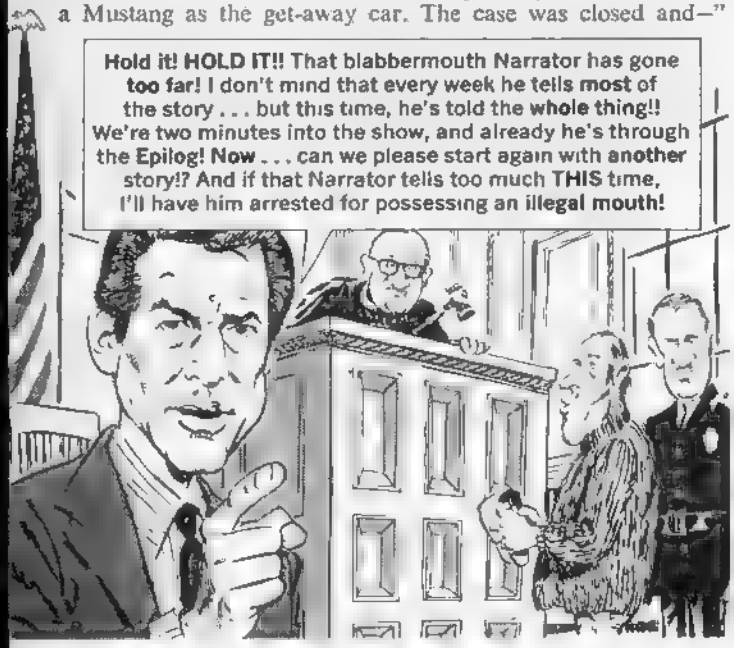


"The FIB was called in on the case because among the items missing from the vault were Federal Securities, Government Bonds, and a bunch of Mr J. Edgar Hoover's trading stamps!

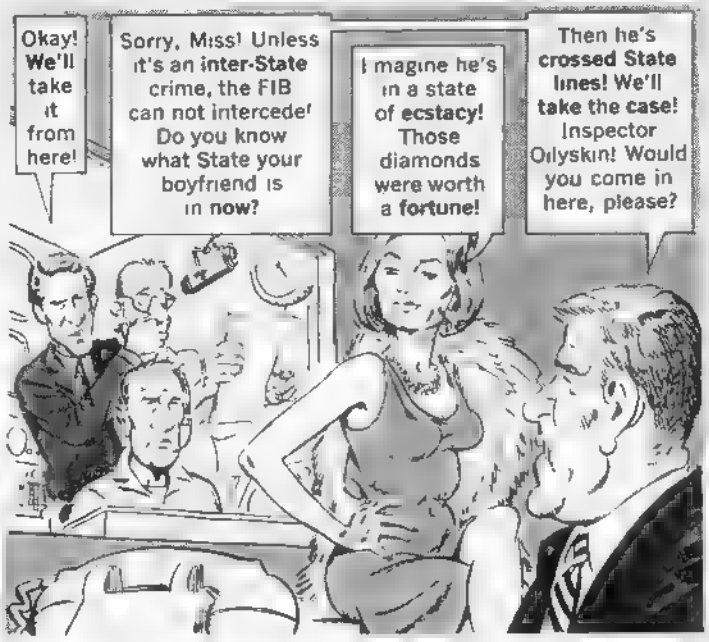


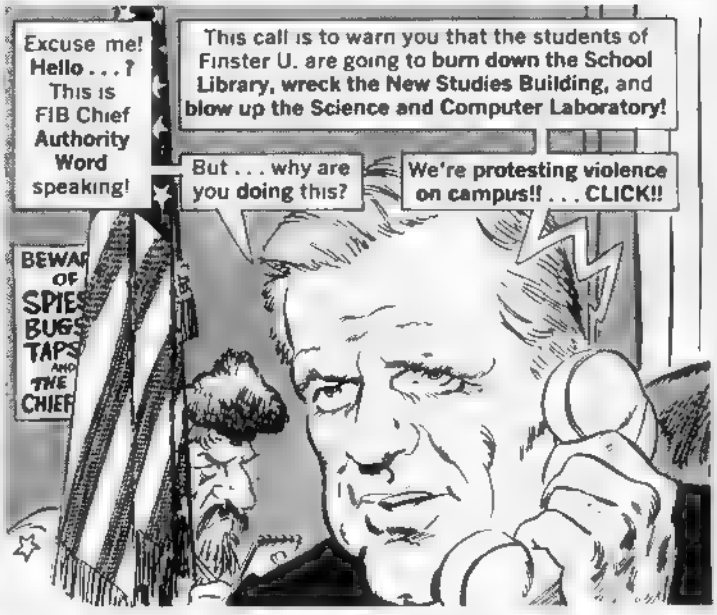
"FIB Inspector Lucas Onlyskin, along with Special Agent Tame Coldly and Special Guest Agent L.T.D. Thunderbird, following a few slim clues and several fat hunches, found the hide-out of the safe-cracker, who had returned to the scene of the crime and was living in the bank vault . . .

"The safe-cracker was apprehended, and also caught, and sentenced to 99 years in prison. However, his sentence was reduced to 6 months for having the good taste to use a Mustang as the get-away car. The case was closed and—"



On December 17th, a young woman came into the Washington, D.C., Office and lodged a complaint that her boyfriend had run off with her diamonds. She was told th*mph–phmmmph*..."





You trusted your diamonds to a man known only to you as "Sweetheart"?! You're not a very discerning woman!

Are you suggesting that I'm an easy mark, Inspector?

Yes, Miss Paxton! I am!

Call me Jackie!

Yes, Jackie!

What are you doing after work, Sweetheart?

"Sweetheart!?" So Inspector Oilyskin is "Sweetheart"! You're under arrest, Oi!—

Oh, Chief! He IS a Sweetheart, but not THE Sweetheart!

Jackie, you should be more careful with your affection! The world is full of handsome young men just looking for young ladies like you!

That's great! I thought I was going to have to spend the week-end alone!

Now if you can give us a description of the man who took your diamonds?

He was tall, dark, and handsome!

Oh, him!! We'll get him down here in fifteen minutes!

Wait! That's too easy! We have to do what we do every week on this show! YOU have to come up with some vague, remote, lunatic, out-of-the-way clue that we can seize upon to track down our man!

Well . . . now let me see! I know where he lives!

Too specific!

Too simple!

Too definitive!

And I know what bars he hangs out at!

And I know his license plate number!

And that's all I can think of!

Try!! Search your mind! Something obscure . . . some ridiculous fact . . . something of no importance . . .

Well . . . there IS something! But it's so . . . so stupid!!

That's it!! That's what we want!!

He—he always wears black shoes!!

BLACK SHOES!! That's it! What a great, nothing-to-work-with clue! Now . . . watch us spring into action!

THE WALLS HAVE EARS

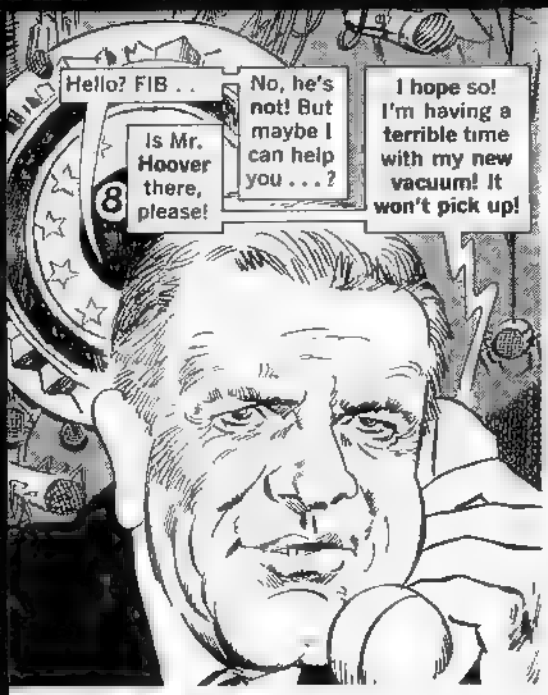
Special Agent Coldly, contact every Shoe Manufacturer in the country, and make a list of the ones that specialize in making black shoes!

Special Guest Agent Thunderbird, go to every Shoe Store in the 50 States, and make a list of all persons who bought black shoes recently!

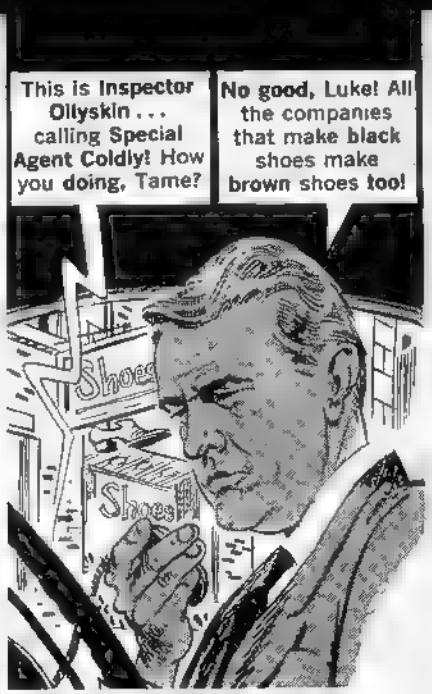
Meanwhile, I'll go to International Airport and question everyone leaving town who's wearing black shoes! See you later, Chief! This may take time!

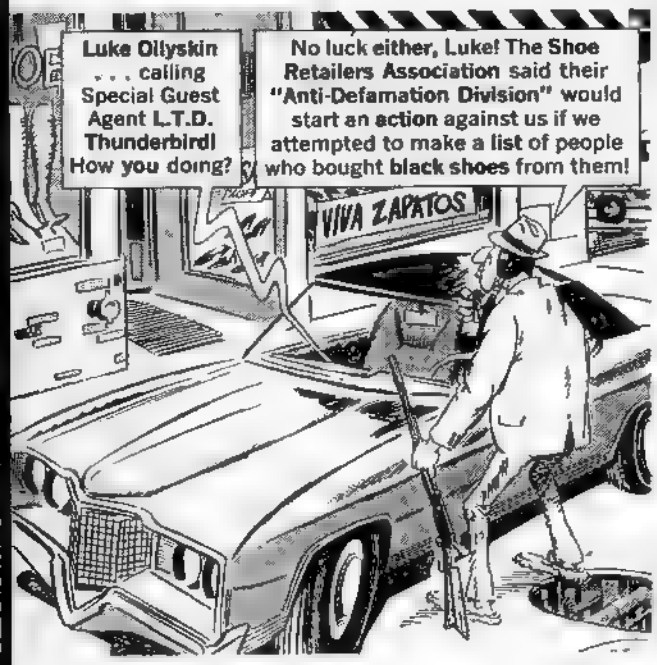
It better take less than 45 minutes! That's all that's left in the show!

RRING


Hello? FIB . .
Is Mr. Hoover there, please!
No, he's not! But maybe I can help you . . . ?
I hope so! I'm having a terrible time with my new vacuum! It won't pick up!

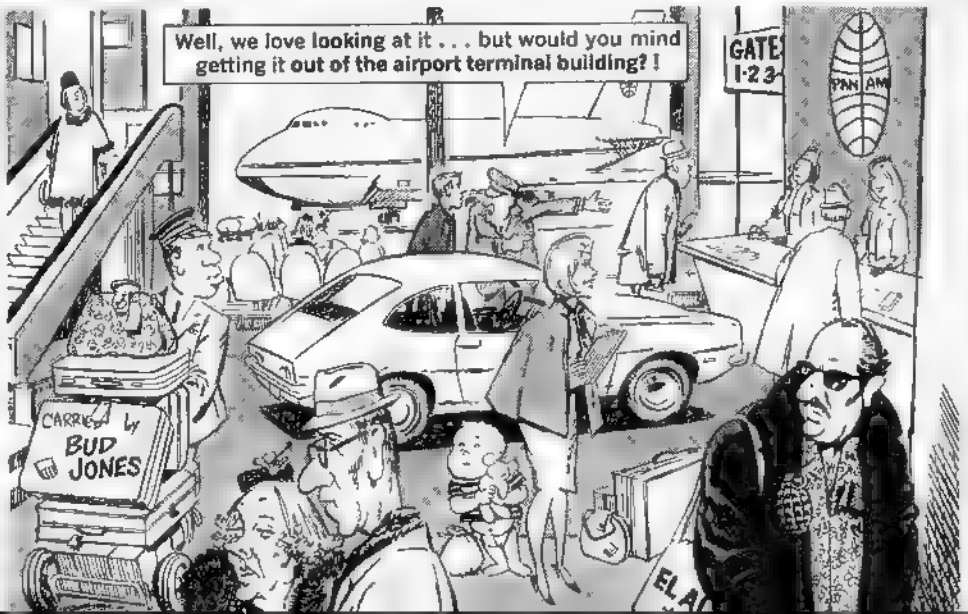
Oh, I'm sorry, but OUR Mr. Hoover is not the Mr. Hoover YOU want! OUR Mr. Hoover is interested in fighting crime!
Well, I paid over $100 for a crummy vacuum, and now it don't work! If THAT ain't a crime . . . what is?!

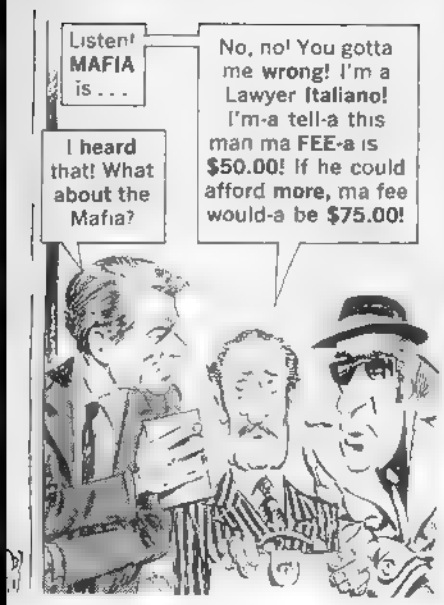

This is Inspector Ollyskin . . . calling Special Agent Coldly! How you doing, Tame?
No good, Luke! All the companies that make black shoes make brown shoes too!
Shoes
Shoes

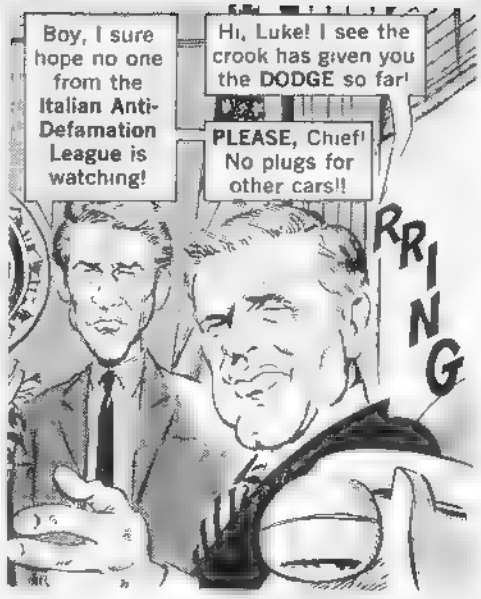

Luke Ollyskin . . . calling Special Guest Agent L.T.D. Thunderbird! How you doing?
No luck either, Luke! The Shoe Retailers Association said their "Anti-Defamation Division" would start an action against us if we attempted to make a list of people who bought black shoes from them!
VIVA ZAPATOS

I'm not having any luck, either! There isn't one pair of black shoes in this whole darn airport!
Let's meet back at Headquarters and try showing Miss Paxton some slides!
Some slides of suspects?
No, some slides of Puerto Rico! Slides of suspects would make our job too easy!!
840
LIGHT
710
AIR INDIA

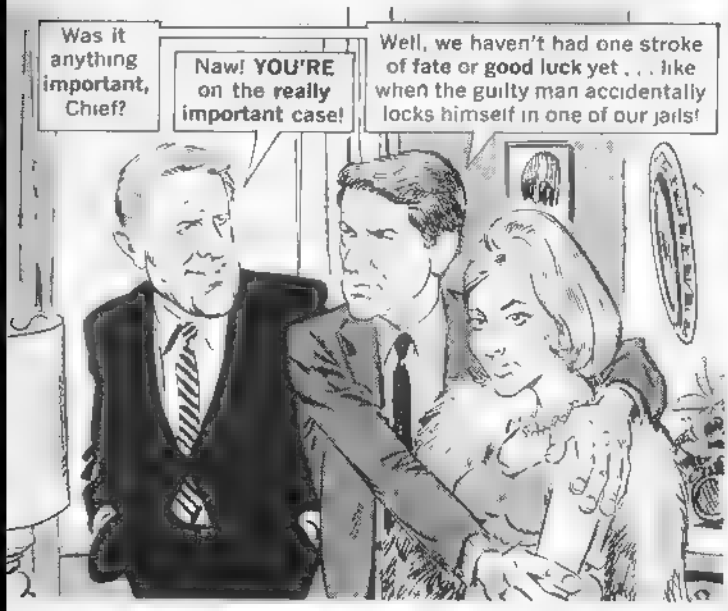
Hey, Buddy! Is this your sleek Ford Pinto?
It belongs to The FIB! Why?
ONLY 19.95

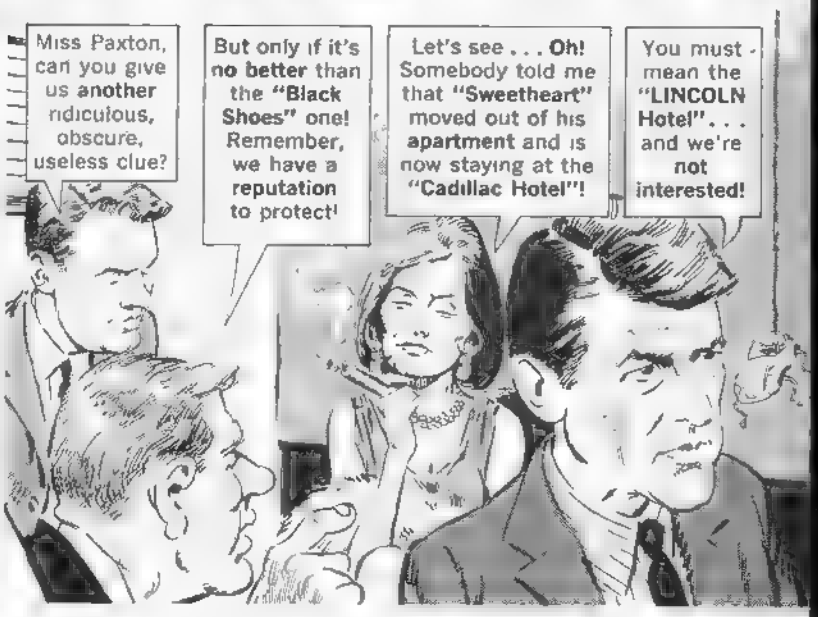

Well, we love looking at it . . . but would you mind getting it out of the airport terminal building? !
GATE 1-2-3
PAN AM
CARRIED by BUD JONES

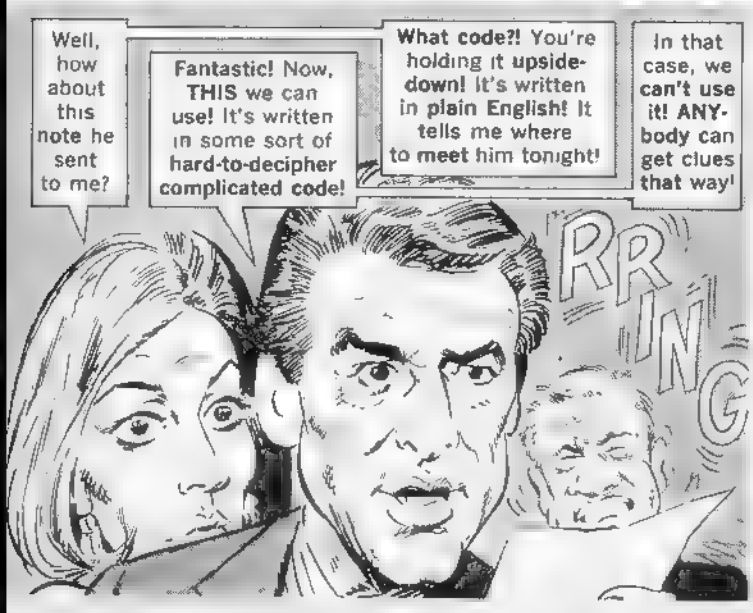

Listen! MAFIA is . . .
I heard that! What about the Mafia?
No, no! You gotta me wrong! I'm a Lawyer Italiano! I'm-a tell-a this man ma FEE-a is $50.00! If he could afford more, ma fee would-a be $75.00!

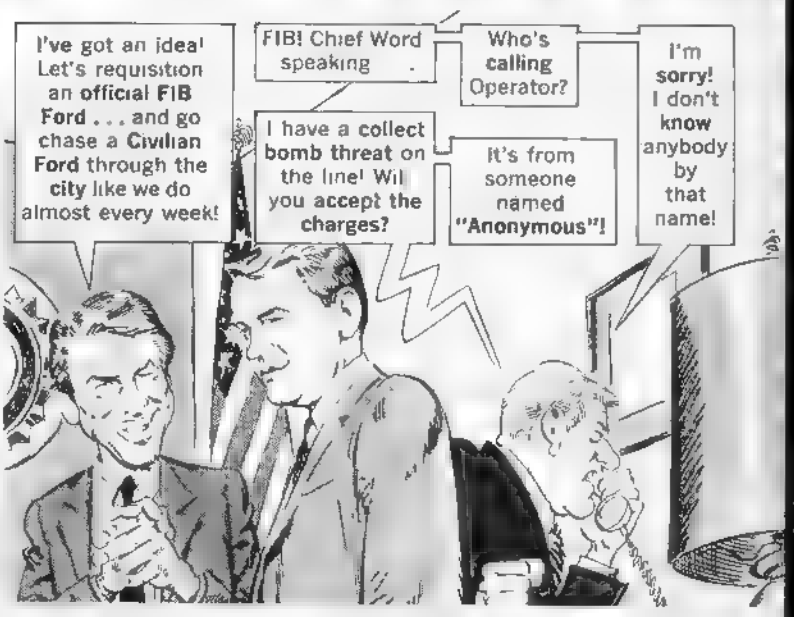

Boy, I sure hope no one from the Italian Anti-Defamation League is watching!
Hi, Luke! I see the crook has given you the DODGE so far!
PLEASE, Chief! No plugs for other cars!!
RRING

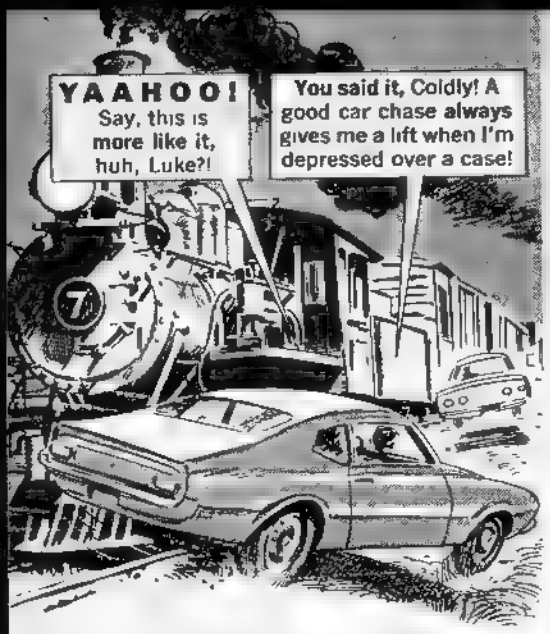
Hello, FIB? We just want you to know that our group has 500 rifles, 200 machine guns and tons of ammunition! So if you don't stop harassing us, we're gonna open fire on innocent people!!
What is the name of your group?
"The Committee To Keep All Firearms Out Of The Hands Of Sick People"! CLICK!!
FIB


Was it anything important, Chief?
Naw! YOU'RE on the really important case!
Well, we haven't had one stroke of fate or good luck yet . . . like when the guilty man accidentally locks himself in one of our jails!


Miss Paxton, can you give us another ridiculous, obscure, useless clue?
But only if it's no better than the "Black Shoes" one! Remember, we have a reputation to protect!
Let's see . . . Oh! Somebody told me that "Sweetheart" moved out of his apartment and is now staying at the "Cadillac Hotel"!
You must mean the "LINCOLN Hotel" . . . and we're not interested!


Well, how about this note he sent to me?
Fantastic! Now, THIS we can use! It's written in some sort of hard-to-decipher complicated code!
What code?! You're holding it upside-down! It's written in plain English! It tells me where to meet him tonight!
In that case, we can't use it! ANYbody can get clues that way!
RRING


I've got an idea! Let's requisition an official FIB Ford . . . and go chase a Civilian Ford through the city like we do almost every week!
FIB! Chief Word speaking
Who's calling Operator?
I'm sorry! I don't know anybody by that name!
I have a collect bomb threat on the line! Will you accept the charges?
It's from someone named "Anonymous"!

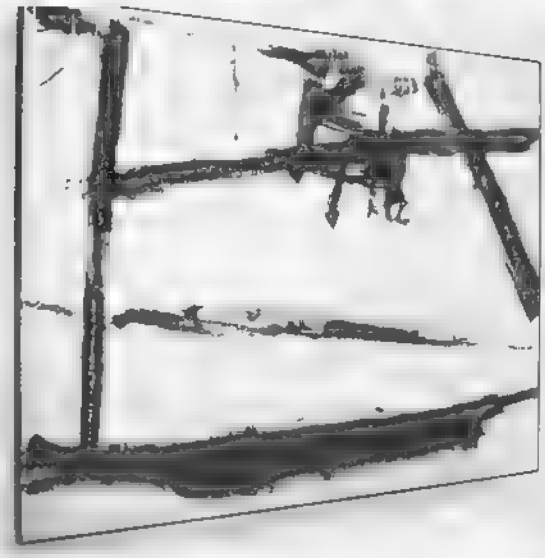


"And so, 'Sweetheart' was caught, convicted and sent to prison for 40 years! Jackie Paxton got her jewels back! And the men of the FIB went on to another case! This case involved an underworld counterfeit ring run by a man named Sidney Gwir—"

HUNG UP DEPT.

MODERN ART

Superb!

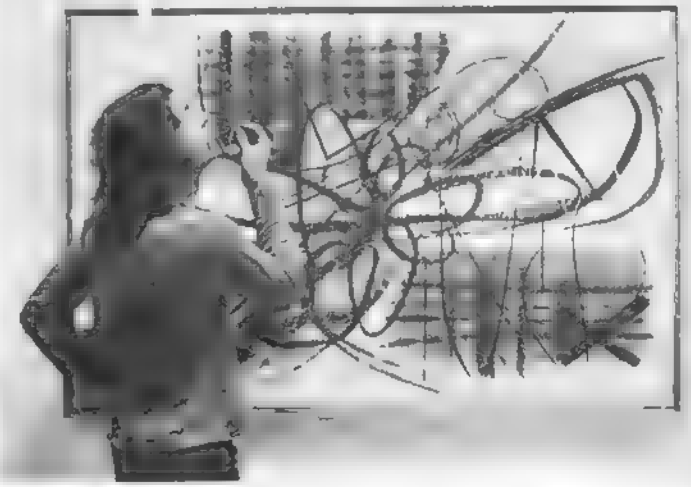


Fantastic!

WRITTEN BY: MAX BRANDEL PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD

Magnificent!

Inspired!



Perfect!

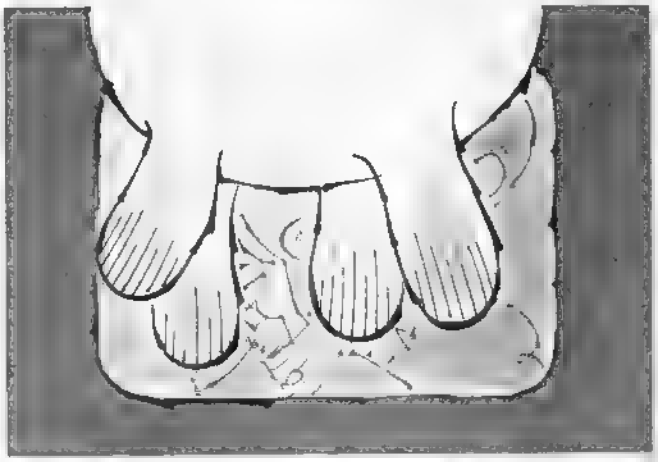
I don't get it!

TV...AS VIEWED BY

A Crosseyed Rhino

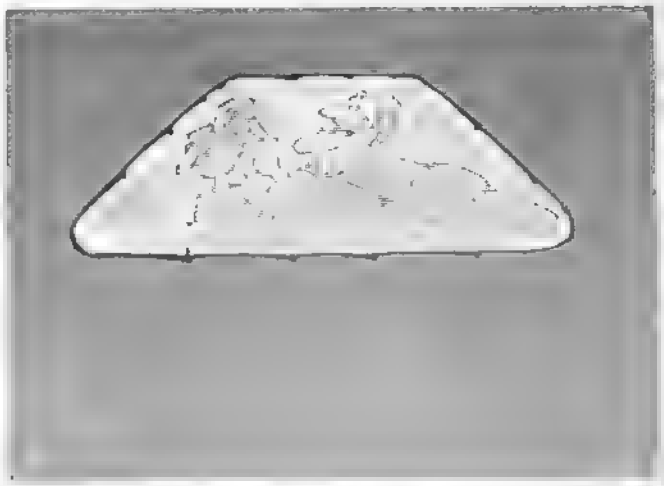
A Rabid Dog

A Bug In A Rug



A Newborn Calf

A Baby Kangaroo



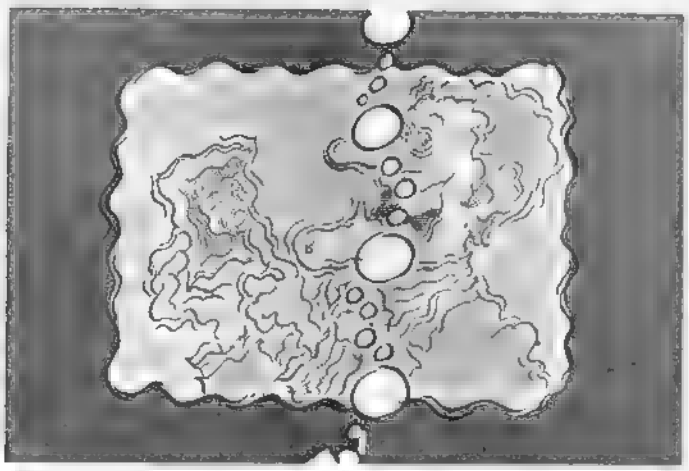
An Amused Ant

THE ANIMAL WORLD

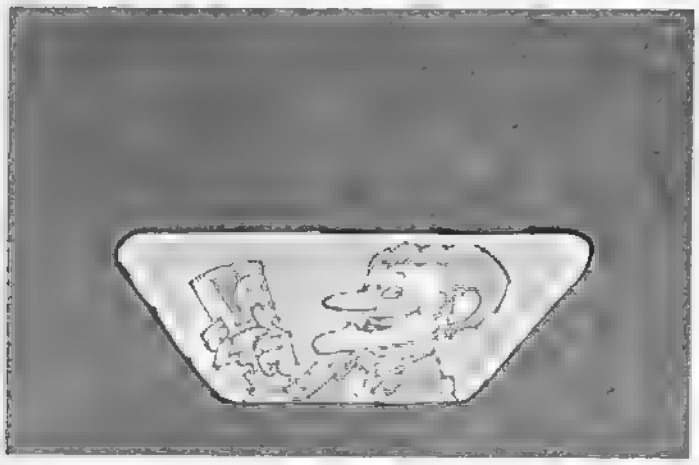
ARTIST:
PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER:
PAUL PETER PORGES

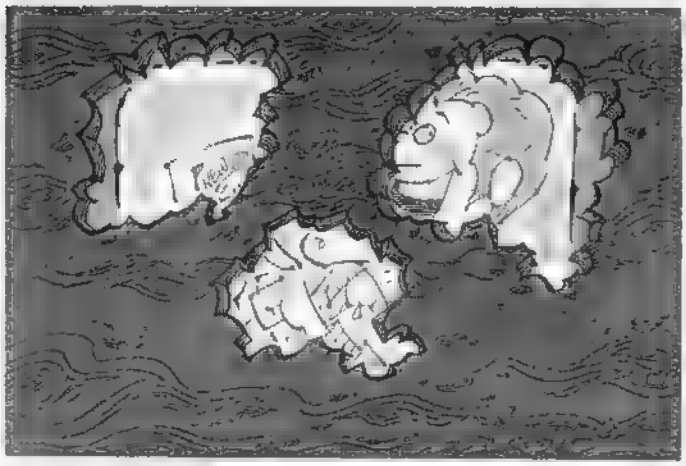
An Introverted Turtle



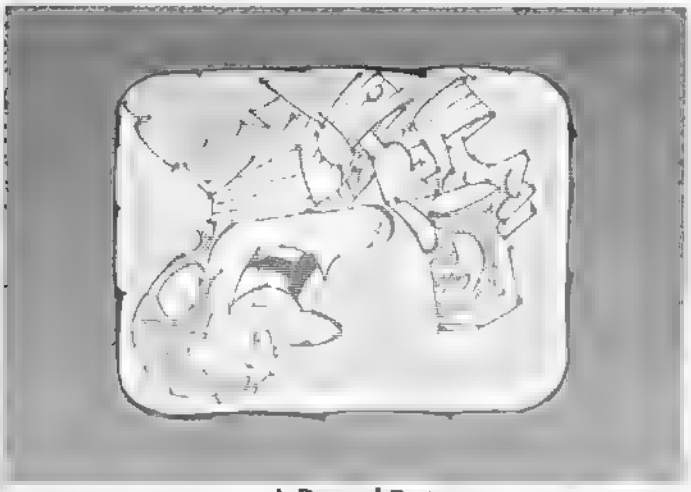
A Hiccuping Goldfish



A Housebroken Giraffe



A Curious Termite



A Bored Bat

A Compulsive Canary

INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

Okay, gang, here we go again with another visit behind the scenes of an American institution

A MAD PEEK BEHIND

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

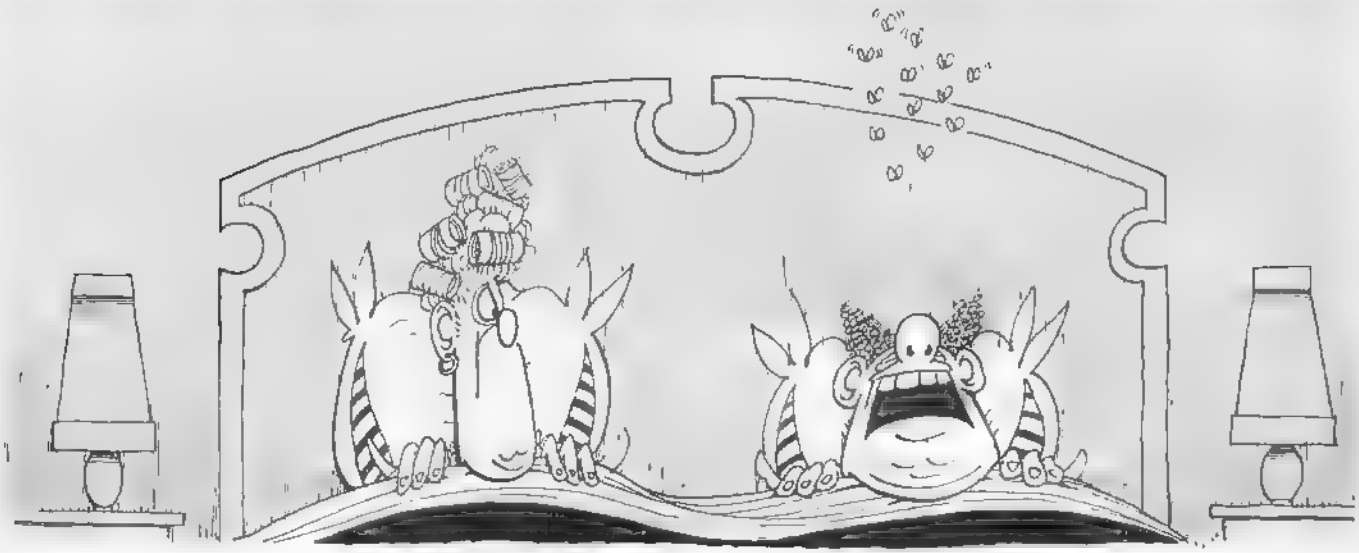
to discover what new and inventive ways we the people are being shafted. Won't you join us for

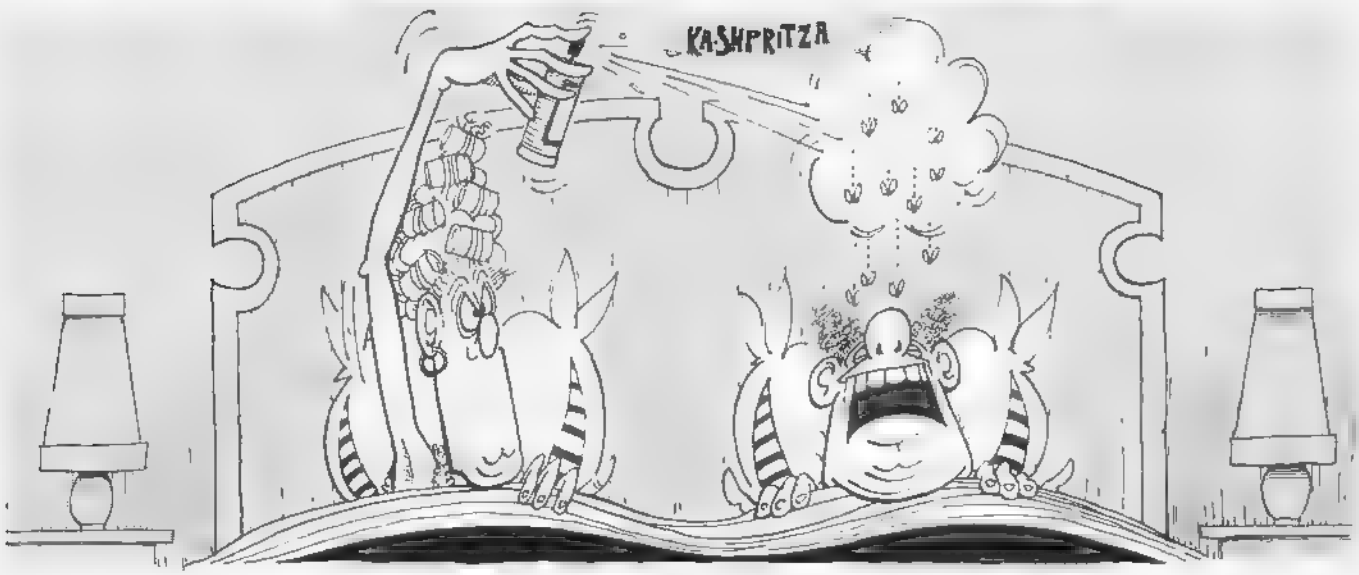
THE SCENES AT A RECORDING STUDIO

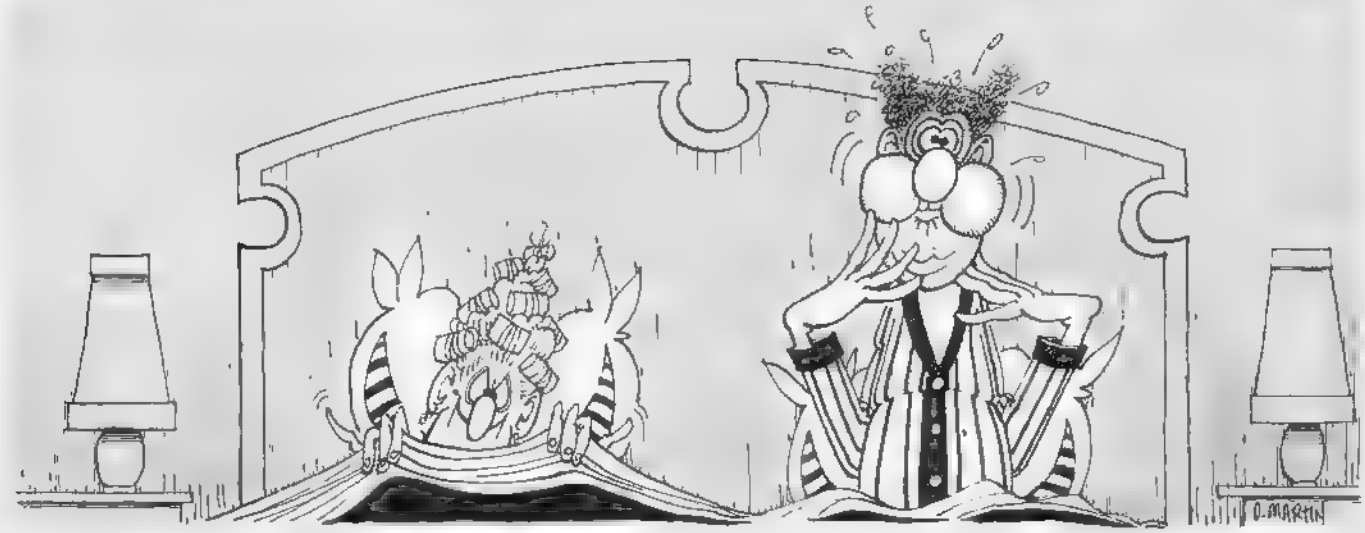
WRITER: EARLE DOUD

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE HOT SUMMER MORNING







SEER-SUCKERS DEPT.

It figures! When man becomes confused at the irrationality of the world around him, he looks for meaning, purpose and reason in areas that are often more confusing than the irrationality of the world around him. Don't bother to figure that one out, just read MAD's version of a magazine dedicated to mysticism, and the "Gypsy" in all of us . . .

INCREDIBLE OCCULT MAGAZINE

DECEMBER
1923, 1971, 1989

50c
Cross Our Palm With SILVER

Combining Astral Digest, Ectoplasm Age, and The Saturday Evening Post

The Reincarnation Of CHARLES DICKENS Picks Up Our Garbage

☆ ☆ ☆

How The 1965 Venus-Neptune Conjunction Ruined My Son's Bar Mitzvah

☆ ☆ ☆

Palmistry And YOU:

Does Suicide Affect The Lifeline?

☆ ☆ ☆

My Life As A Smith-Corona Portable In Nutley, New Jersey

☆ ☆ ☆

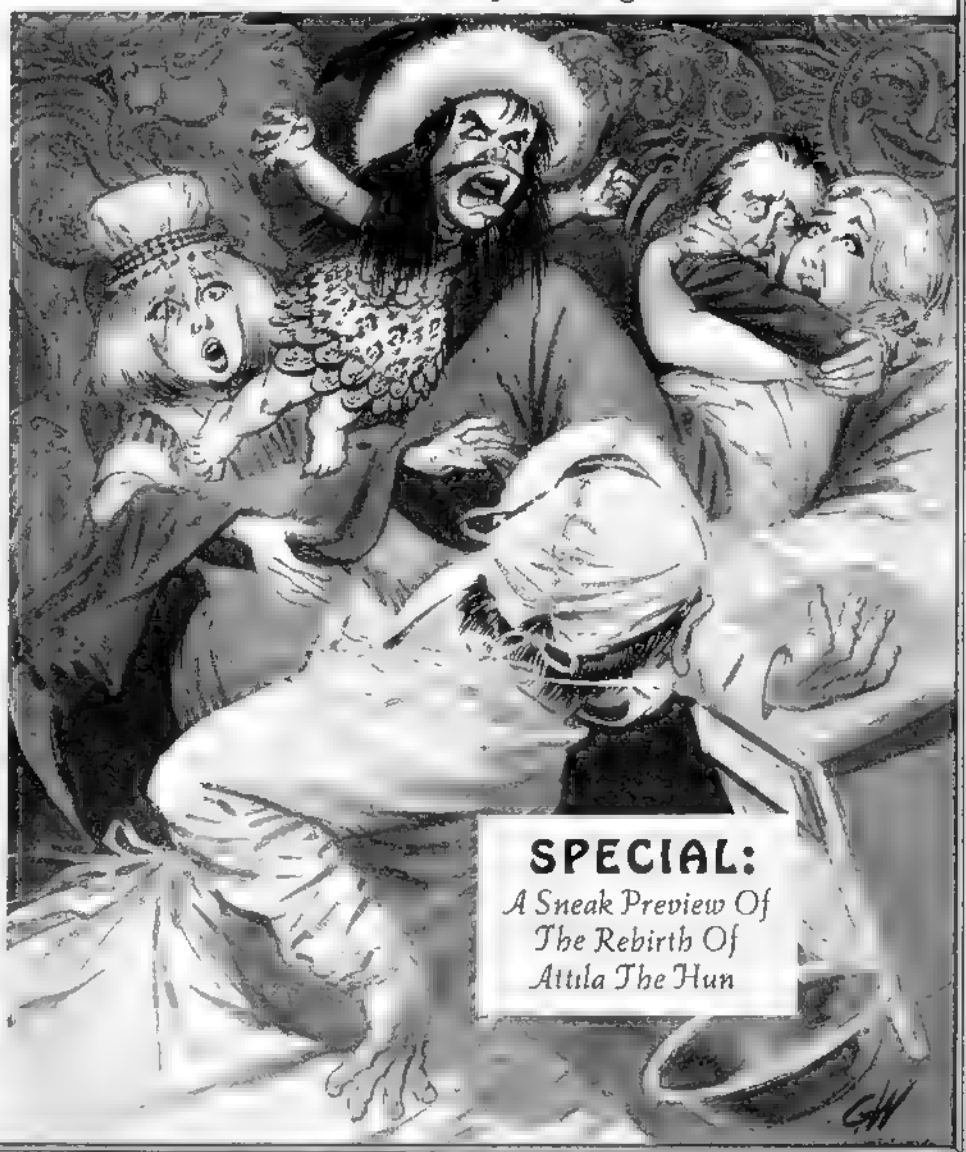
Poltergeists Make Lousy Lovers

☆ ☆ ☆

Do The Ancients Communicate With Us Through Ed Sullivan?

☆ ☆ ☆

How I Drove My Power Mower To Anchorage, Alaska In A Post-Hypnotic Trance



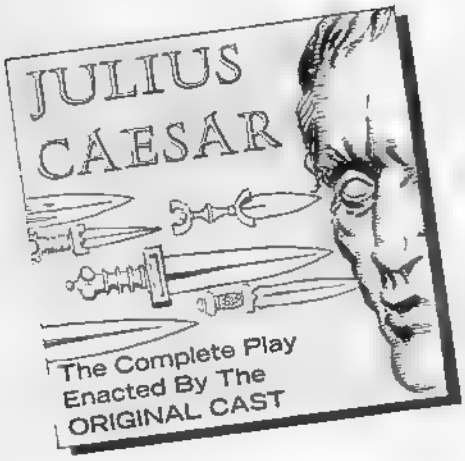
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Pick up these latest

SOUND WAVES

from

SEANCE RECORDS



On sale now at your local

Occult Record Center

ASK OMAR THE ASTROLOGER

Dear Omar:
According to my horoscope, the entrance of Neptune into Capricorn last year meant it was a good time for investment.

So I poured my life savings into an oil stock which turned out to be phony and I lost every penny, not to mention my car and house. How do you explain this?

N.M.
Wurtsboro, N.Y.

Dear N.M.
Oh, that rascal Neptune! How this naughty planet loves a practical joke! Don't worry, N.M., Neptune always evens things out, and will probably make it up to you when it enters Capricorn next trip around in 2134!

Dear Omar:
I am a Gemini with Uranus in my ninth house, Mercury in my fourth house, and Mars in my first house. What shall I do?

A.K.
Encino, Cal.

Dear A.K.
Move into an apartment.

Dear Omar:
I am a professor of astrophysics at M.I.T. and for 16 years have studied astrology from every aspect. I have concluded that there is absolutely no scientific basis for belief in the movements of the stars and planets.

T.S.
Boston, Mass.

Dear T.S.
Such hare-brained views can seriously mar the efforts of dedicated occultists The editors of this magazine join me in urging our readers to pay no attention to fuzzy-minded intellectual nuts like yourself. If M.I.T. wasn't a Libra, I'd really fix your wagon!

Dear Omar:
I am a Virgo who is thinking of taking a walk around the block. I never do anything without first checking it out on my chart, but I see no mention of strolling. When is the best time for me to undertake such a venture?

J.D.
Jersey City, N.J.

Dear J.D.
This, of course, depends upon the opposition of Jupiter to Venus. As of last week, they still weren't speaking, so I'm afraid that my answer must be an unqualified "Maybe."

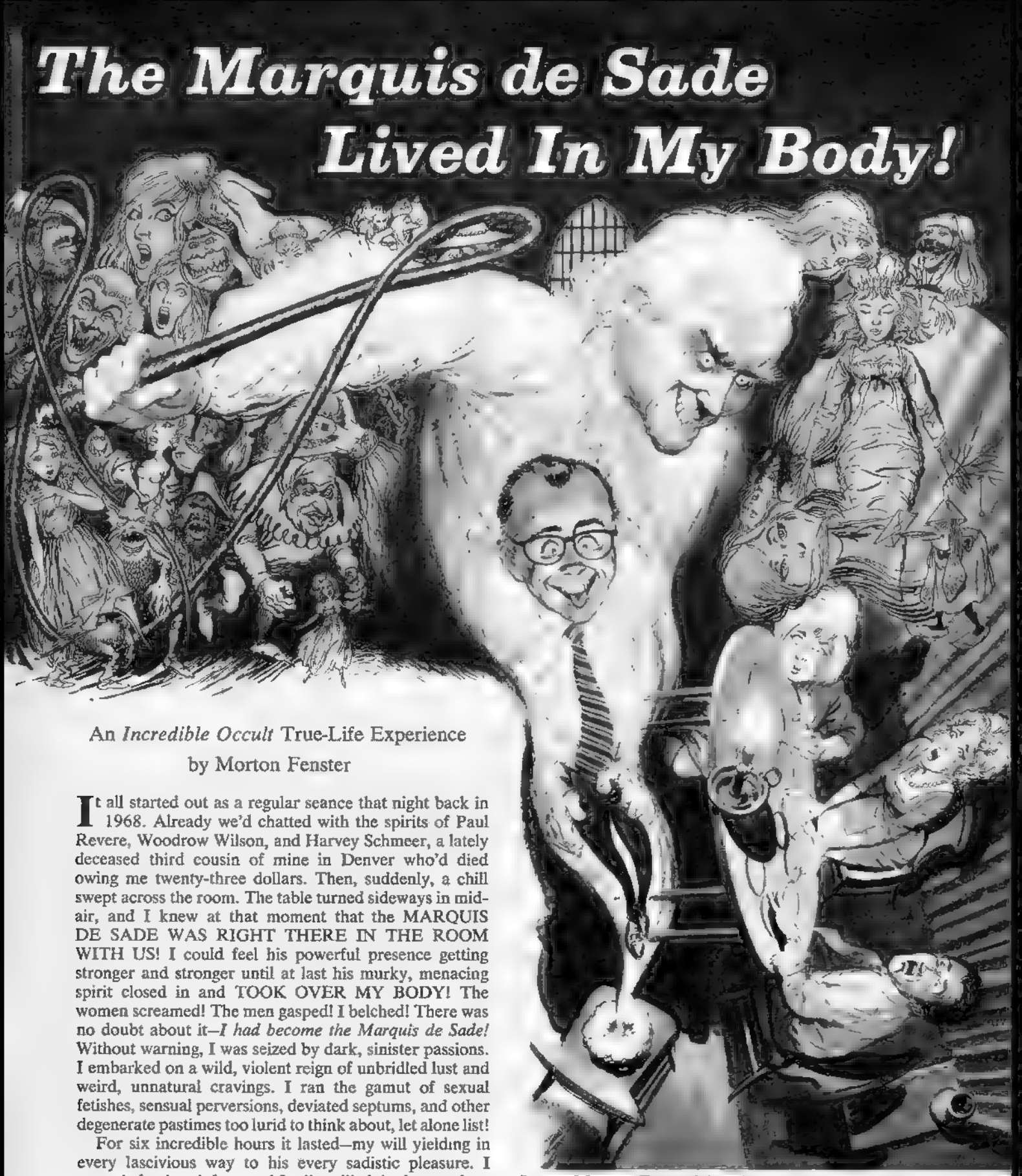
Dear Omar:
Is it true that two people born under the same sign share similar personalities, beliefs, and outlooks?

A.B.F.
Candlewood Lake, Conn.

Dear A.B.F.
Yes, absolutely. The following chart will show the marked similarities found in people born under the same sign . . .

AQUARIUS	
William Tecumseh Sherman (Jan. 21)	"Stonewall" Jackson (Feb. 8)
PISCES	
Liz Taylor (Feb. 27)	Pat Nixon (Feb. 9)
AIRES	
Eugene McCarthy (March 29)	Gen. William Westmoreland (March 26)
TAURUS	
Dr. Spock (May 2)	Mayor Daley (May 15)
GEMINI	
Guy Lombardo (June 19)	Paul McCartney (June 18)
CANCER	
Phyllis Diller (July 17)	Gina Lollobrigida (July 4)
LEO	
George Bernard Shaw (July 26)	Casey Stengel (July 30)
VIRGO	
Sophia Loren (Sept. 20)	Twiggy (Sept. 19)
LIBRA	
Truman Capote (Sept. 30)	Mickey Mantle (Oct. 20)
SCORPIO	
Chiang kai-Shek (Oct. 31)	Mao tse-Tung (Nov. 19)
SAGITTARIUS	
William F. Buckley (Nov. 24)	Abbie Hoffman (Nov. 30)
CAPRICORN	
Joan Baez (Jan. 9)	Barry Goldwater (Jan. 1)

The Marquis de Sade Lived In My Body!



An *Incredible Occult* True-Life Experience

by Morton Fenster

It all started out as a regular seance that night back in 1968. Already we'd chatted with the spirits of Paul Revere, Woodrow Wilson, and Harvey Schmeer, a lately deceased third cousin of mine in Denver who'd died owing me twenty-three dollars. Then, suddenly, a chill swept across the room. The table turned sideways in mid-air, and I knew at that moment that the MARQUIS DE SADE WAS RIGHT THERE IN THE ROOM WITH US! I could feel his powerful presence getting stronger and stronger until at last his murky, menacing spirit closed in and TOOK OVER MY BODY! The women screamed! The men gasped! I belched! There was no doubt about it—*I had become the Marquis de Sade!* Without warning, I was seized by dark, sinister passions. I embarked on a wild, violent reign of unbridled lust and weird, unnatural cravings. I ran the gamut of sexual fetishes, sensual perversions, deviated septums, and other degenerate pastimes too lurid to think about, let alone list!

For six incredible hours it lasted—my will yielding in every lascivious way to his every sadistic pleasure. I struggled to break free, and finally rallied the forces of my own strong moral fiber and righteous indignation to scream:

"Go away, Marquis! GO AWAY!"

And suddenly, as quickly as he came, he was gone. I was possessed no more! I was no longer the Marquis de Sade; I was Morton Fenster! No longer a creature of lust craving every carnal pleasure; but a balding tax accountant living with my wife and three kids in Muncie, Indiana. And suddenly I found myself screaming:

"Come back, Marquis! COME BACK!"

But it was too late. The Marquis had *(Cont. on page 57)*

INCREDIBLE OCCULT CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

Slightly used crystal ball. Barely gazed at. Used only for an hour each Sunday by a 78-year-old widow schoolteacher to talk to her departed husband. Best offer takes. Box 703

PERSONAL

Want to talk with God? Call Me collect. (819) 993-4909

Okay, Brutus! I know you're reincarnated out there somewhere! Be a man for once and let's have it out—just you and me! Don't bring your friends! Write to me: J. Caesar, c/o Schwartz, 41 Elm, Oakville, Kansas

Milton, my only begotten son. Mars is in Libra, Saturn is in Pisces, and you still want to marry that fortune-hunting slut from Dallas! Heed the stars before I have a heart attack! And wear your galoshes. Mother

I am the reincarnation of Hokar, the 12th High Priestess of the Fallons, a civilization vanished into the Indian Ocean. I would like to meet a nice Albuquerque dentist. Box 252

WANTED TO TRADE

Will swap a 12th century Ethiopian poltergeist with a sinus condition for two decks of Tarot cards. Box 5

FOR RENT

Will supply sleep-in apparitions, poltergeists, etc., for haunting. Send for list of satisfied customers, rate scale, particulars. Apparitions Unlimited, Box 32

GUIDANCE SOUGHT

Would appreciate some occultist telling me why my Ouija board spells only four-letter words. Philip Roth, Box 96

BLACK MAGIC

Possessed by Demons? Plagued by Evil Spirits? You need CURSE-OFF, the new miracle curse remover in the aerosol can. Fight old curses the modern way for only $4.98. CURSE-OFF, Box 13, Wingbat, Ohio

Pestered by obnoxious neighbors? A mean boss? A nagging wife? You need CURSE-ON, the new miracle curse invoker in the aerosol can. Apply new curses the modern way for only $4.98. CURSE-ON, Box 711, Wingbat, Ohio

You are reading this ad. You are absorbing its meaning. You are putting a ten-dollar bill in an envelope and mailing it to Zarkov the Hypnotist, Box 414.

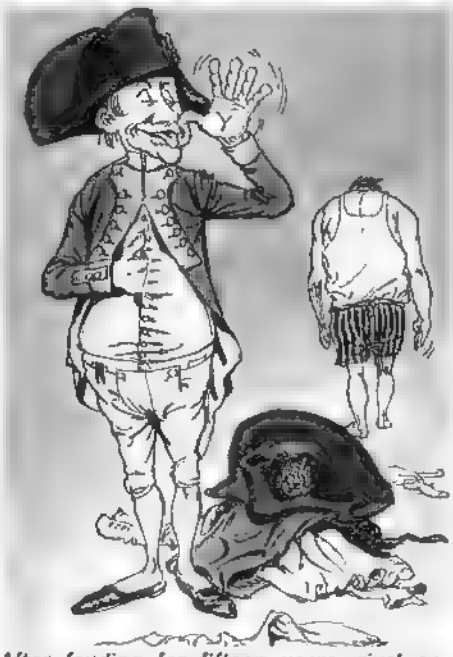
the occult grapevine

Mystic Meanderings for the Cosmic Community by Claire Voyant

It's all over with Jomar and Zelda Mishkin (she's the medium). Seems Jomar didn't approve of the week-end Zelda spent in Cleveland with Benjamin Franklin (that D.O.M.) . . . A hearty "Welcome back" to Pittsburgh mystic Brahma Bregstein who's home after spending a well-earned vacation visiting friends in 1981 . . . Vibrate your cosmic condolences to these ill-starred occultists: To karma victim Mauve Muncrief, an Aquarius-Pisces cusp who lost her court battle to legally change her sign; and to Automatic-Writing Wizard Lance Wickwire, who is serving two years in prison for writing John Paul Getty's name on checks while in a trance.

* * * *

A tip of the psychic hat to super-seer Joshua Freen for correctly predicting the date of his rebirth . . . Numerologists Eric Omicron and Seth Sholtar are still exchanging death curses. The feud flared up when Seth accused Eric of trying to 18 his 46 . . . Baltimore occultists are giving the cold-shoulder treatment to Tea-Leaf Reader Phaedra Dinwiddie. Seems she undercharged a customer, then compounded her goof by predicting a piece of bad news . . . Lincoln, Nebraska's own Abner Meerchaum has become the first Earthling to ride in the new "Jumbo" flying saucer. "There's a lot more room," says Meerchaum, "and it gets you to Orion in half the time despite the fact that we had to circle Betelguese Airport for more than a lightyear."



After feuding for fifteen years, rival occultists Orion O'Ryan (left) and Booker Bokar flipped a coin to settle once and for all who was the true reincarnation of Napoleon. Bokar lost and is now seeking the cosmic rights to Alexander the Great.

Sorcerer Presto Pollack has moved back in with his wife after a 6 month separation. Presto solved his domestic problems by turning his mother-in-law into a Beagle.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW DEPT: Cassiopeia Waxrush, first mystic to prove that hamsters meditate, is now a Rosicrucian recruiter in Milwaukee . . . Draco Donnelly, who 20 years ago discovered William Shakespeare's ghost in a Kansas City Super-market, is now a door-to-door mandala-mender in Santa Barbara . . . Capella Calhoun, the former Miss Demon-Worship of 1949, runs a boarding house for retired apparitions in West Orange, N.J.

* * * *

BIRTH NOTES: It's a boy for Madam Myra the Medium. The father is most likely Jacques Casanova . . . It's a future automobile salesman who'll marry an airline stewardess and settle down in Altoona for prophet Lee Lumbar and his lovely wife Lulu.

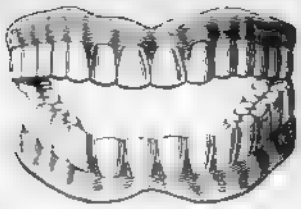
* * * *

Occult insiders expect Vulcan Freen to walk off with the "Sorcerer-of-the-Year" Award. Vulcan won plaudits for his recent conjuring in a New York City restaurant when he actually made a waiter materialize . . . LOOK ALIKES DEPT: Quandra Muldoon, authoress of "How To Win At Tarot Cards," and Satan.

* * * *

HOW ABOUT THAT? DEPT: During the recent favorable Venus-Saturn conjunction, Astrologer Mandrake Meerchaum was wiped out in the stock market, broke both legs in a Yoga experiment, and lost his home in a four-alarm fire. Undaunted, Mandrake will sue the Solar System.

FREE! A LIFE-SIZE REPLICA OF
AN ALBINO WARLOCK'S DENTURE
When You Join The



Cult-Of-The-Month Club

Now you can share the Mystic Experiences of the Newest Religious Cults RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME! Each month you will receive appropriate amulets, robes, incantations, pledges, bat tongues, candles, stag films, incense—everything you need to participate in the secret RITES of the Club's MONTHLY OFFERING!

HERE IS A PREVIEW OF THE FABULOUS CULTS TO COME...

THE SEVENTH CHURCH OF OOG

Headquartered in an abandoned comfort station in beautiful downtown Fresno, The CHURCH OF OOG believes in the divinity of the earlobe. Members meditate alternate Thursdays wearing see-through shrouds of luminous Mediterranean algae.

THE SHRINE OF JOE PEPITONE

This cult possesses divine proof that the spirit of Joe Pepitone lives in six-year-old Francie Gretzer of Morgantown, West Virginia. Bi-weekly seances are conducted by an Appalachian Poltergeist named Floyd.

THE VIBRATORY SYNOD

These cultists have uncovered a set of Atlantean stone obelisks which give off vibrations corresponding to each member's Zip Code number. On their high holy days, members all prostrate themselves before a giant locust idol made of styrofoam.

GLUB

This spiritual group gets its name from the last word spoken by the prophet Leonard when he was drowned in a vat of rose-water by Satan. Fellow cultists exorcise sin by flogging each other with rutabaga leaves.

KARMA-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

Yay! I want to enroll in your club. I enclose $25.00 plus twelve drops of my blood arranged in a semi-circle on a parchment of rotting moleskin. I understand that for every 3 cults I join, I get to form a fourth cult, absolutely free. I may terminate membership at any time after accepting three choices if I dare!

Name_____
REAL Name_____
Address_____
Blood Type_____
Age_____

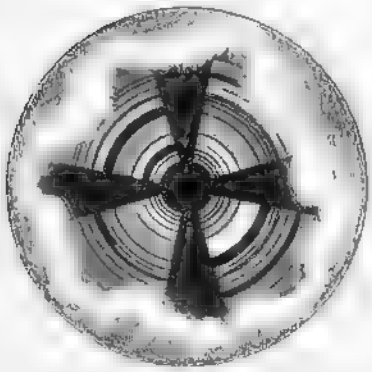
(Persons under 21 require a letter of consent from parent, living or dead.)

YOU AND YOUR CRYSTAL BALL

by Minerva, the Medium Rare

THIS MONTH: *Gazing At a Departed Loved One*

GETTING AN IMAGE



As in most cases, the first images to appear are hazy and cloud-like. They will gradually transform into a more definite pattern as you concentrate.

Focus your *eyes* on the diffused shapes, your *mind* on the spirit of a departed loved one. You'll sense, subtly at first, his presence about to materialize.

As the shapes take definite form, do not act surprised or shocked if he appears unpresentable. After all, he probably wasn't expecting company!

CORRECTING A FAULTY IMAGE

"Rear projectory" is a common mistake of the novice gazer and can be easily rectified by turning the ball *around*. You're facing the wrong side, dummy!

A "split image" is the result of your concentrating on *two* departed loved ones at the same time. Don't be greedy—remove one of them from your thoughts!

Should you contact *someone else's* Uncle Max by mistake, apologize and the image will leave. Notify your Cosmos Supervisor so you won't be charged for the recall.

COMMON GAZING PROBLEMS

The situation above illustrates a simple case of *bad timing*. The problem is that your Uncle Max is currently appearing in the crystal ball of one of your relatives.

Even *worse* timing! Your Uncle Max has reincarnated as a goat in the mountains of Bulgaria. Don't waste time contacting him—he's even less coherent than before!

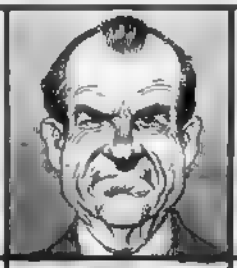
Interference is usually caused by a faulty psychic transmitter, jamming by a jealous poltergeist, or cosmic overload (there's a lot of it going around).

We really go out on a limb with...

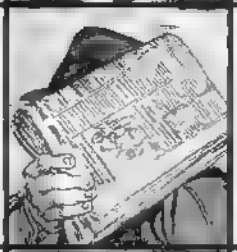
INCREDIBLE OCCULT'S "DARING DOZEN"

*12 Psychic Predictions for the Next 12 Months**

1
President Nixon and the U.S. Senate will clash over a bill that affects a vital sector of the nation!

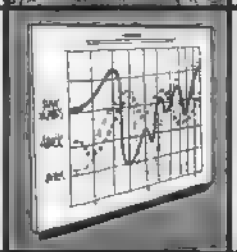


2
An important official in a populous state will be accused of having Mafia connections!



3
Student unrest will plague a large American University!

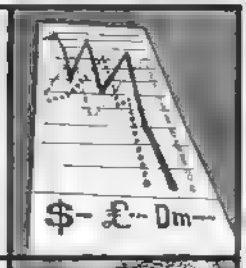
4
The Stock Market will show a reaction to a change in the nation's economy!



5
The conflict in the Far East will enter a critical period which will foreshadow the end of the beginning of a phase that will lead to an end to aggression!

6
Elizabeth Taylor will be faced with an important personal decision!

7
The value of the American Dollar, the British Pound, and the West German Mark will affect the economies of three Western nations!



8
A hitherto unknown rock group will experience a sharp rise in popularity!

9
Spiro Agnew will make a highly publicized speech which will be criticized sharply by many factions!

10
Raquel Welch will be featured in several magazine photo essays!

11
A key labor union in a major industry will threaten a strike which will cause concern among business leaders!

12
A highly paid baseball pitcher will fail to equal his previous year's record!

***NOTE:** In previous years, our annual psychic predictions have proven to be 97% accurate!

GIVE HIM *SUPPORT* FROM THE STARS...

Give Him A

ZODIAC TRUSS

for His Birthday!

Each one hand-painted with a different sign of the Zodiac by a workman born under that sign. Only $24.95 each (except for Sagittarius, which costs a dollar-sixty more).

Available at occult drugstores or wherever fine astrological trusses are sold.

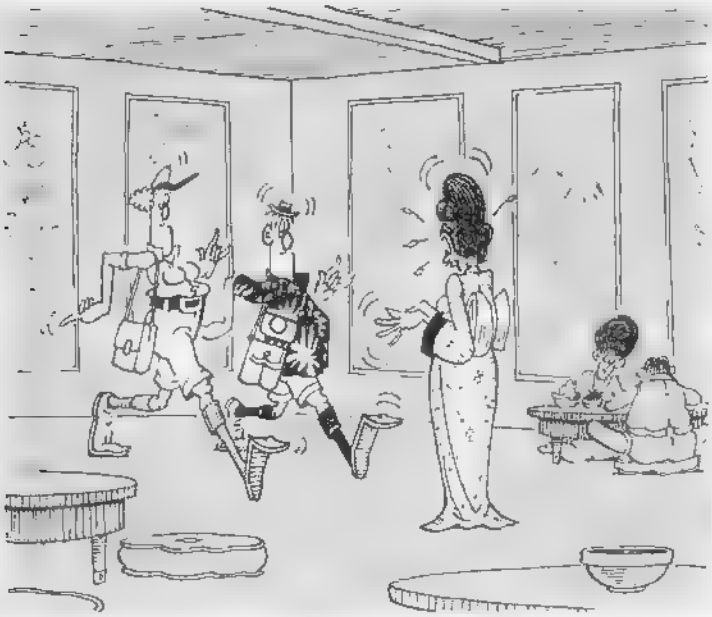
Zodiac Products, Ltd.

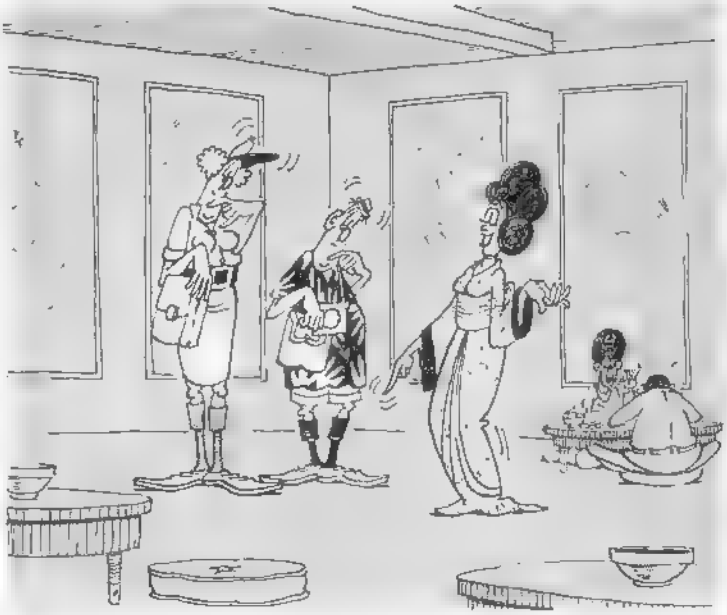
COMING UP NEXT MONTH:

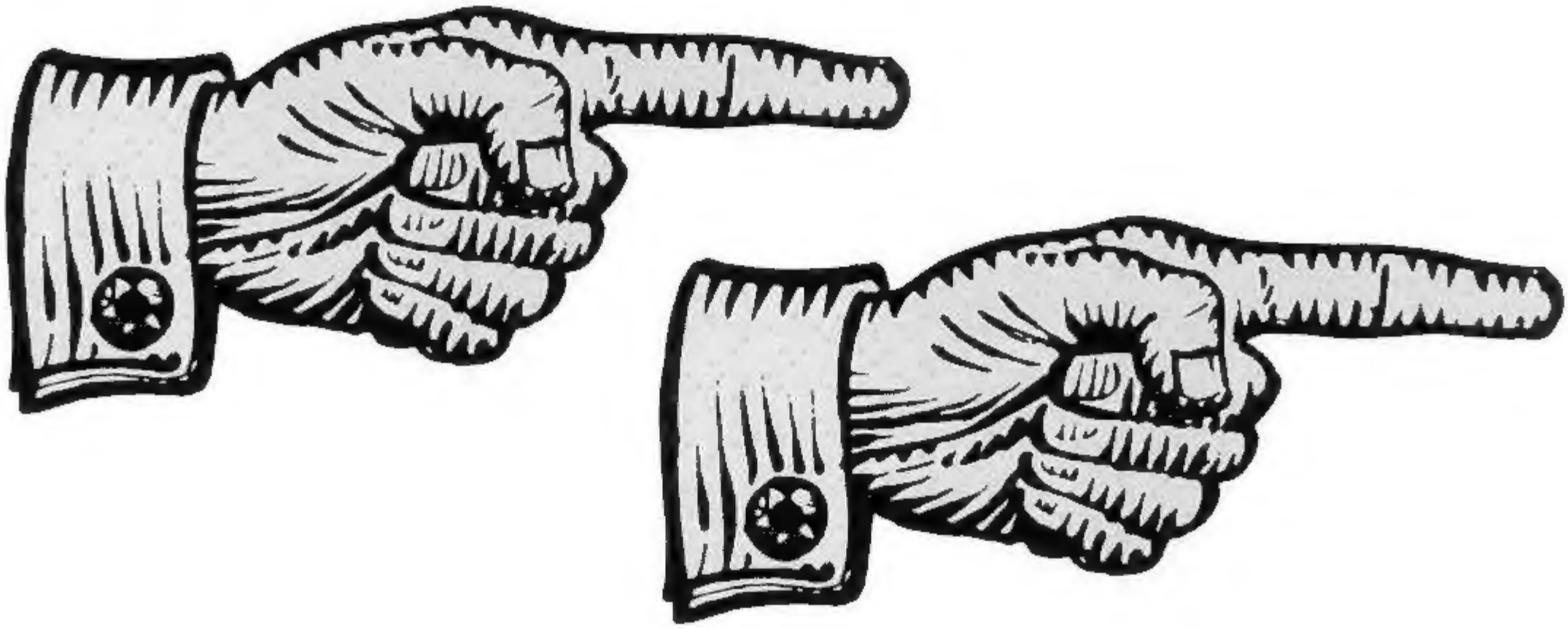
We decided *not* to tell you! Anyone with half an ounce of ESP knows already!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

THE AMERICAN TOURISTS IN A TOKYO RESTAURANT

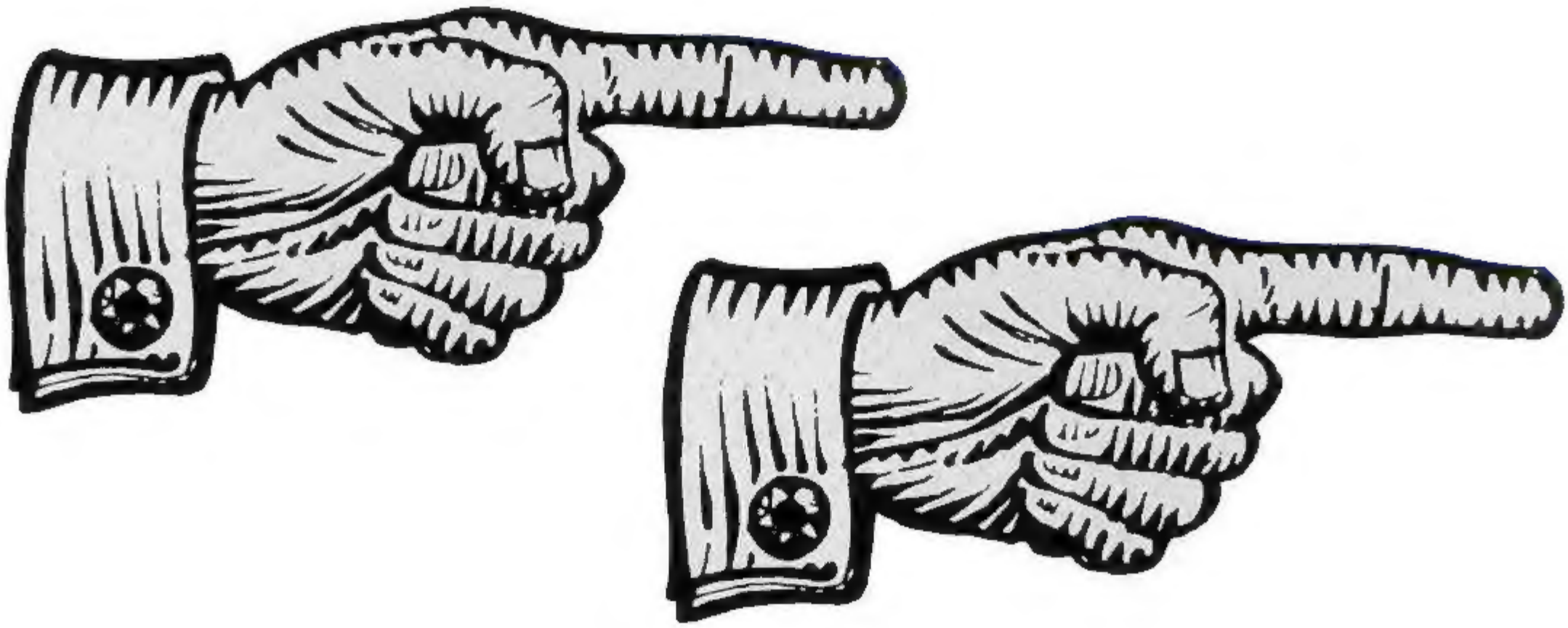






Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT DEADLY MISSIONS ARE MORE AND MORE SERVICEMEN VOLUNTARILY GOING ON?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING

MAD FOLD-IN

In modern warfare, hazardous situations are commonplace. But lately, many of our American servicemen are exposing themselves to new and unnecessary dangers. To find out what these often fatal skirmishes are, fold in the page.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

DRAWING HAZARDOUS DUTY ASSIGNMENTS MAY BUG MOST SERVICEMEN. BUT MANY ARE ACTUALLY TRIFLING WITH DEATH VOLUNTARILY—THE CREEPS

A▸ ◂B

WHAT DEADLY MISSIONS ARE MORE AND MORE SERVICEMEN VOLUNTARILY GOING ON?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

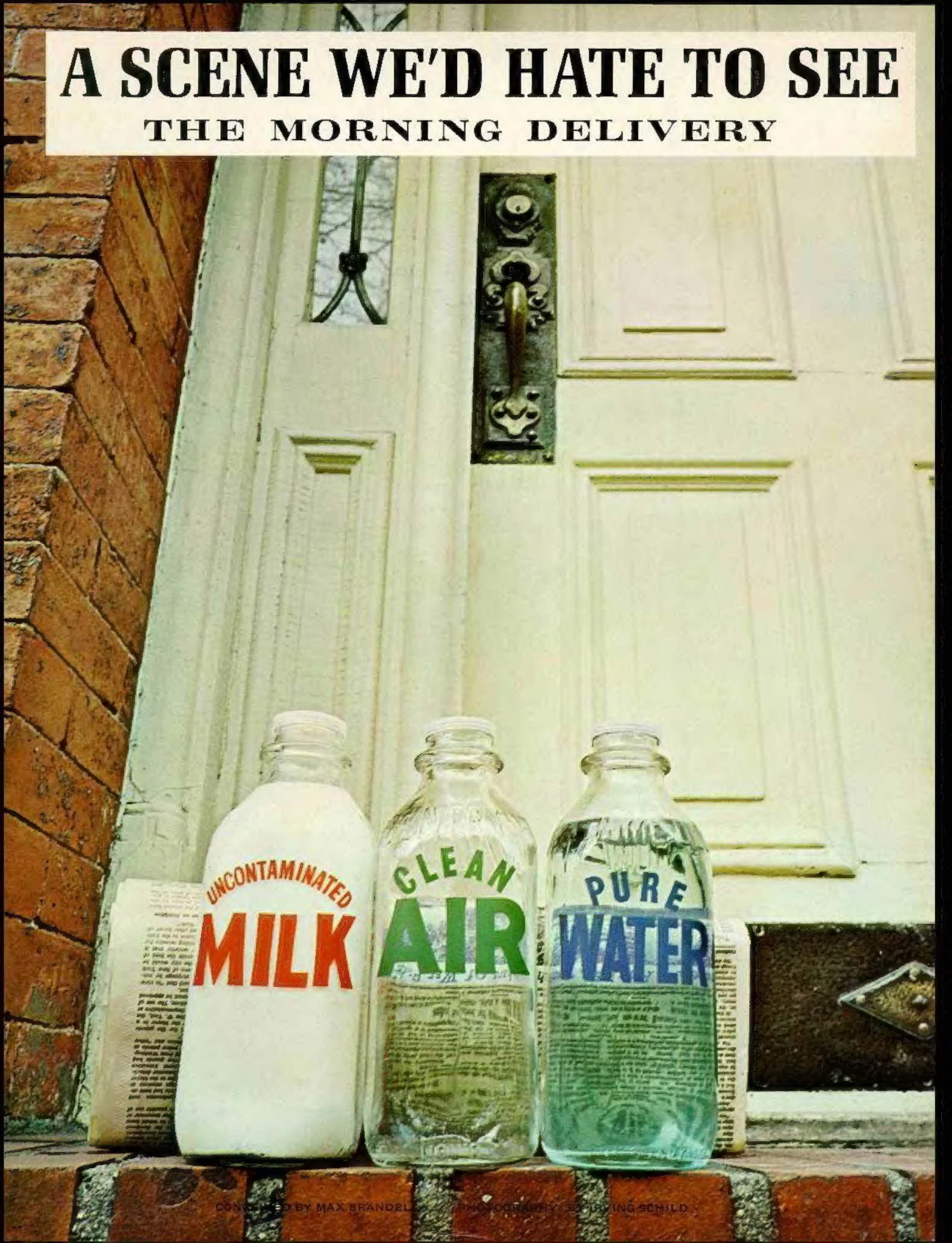
DRUG TRIPS

A▸◂B

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A SCENE WE'D HATE TO SEE

THE MORNING DELIVERY



CONCEIVED BY MAX BRANDEL PHOTOGRAPHY BY IRVING SCHILD